EERIE 6

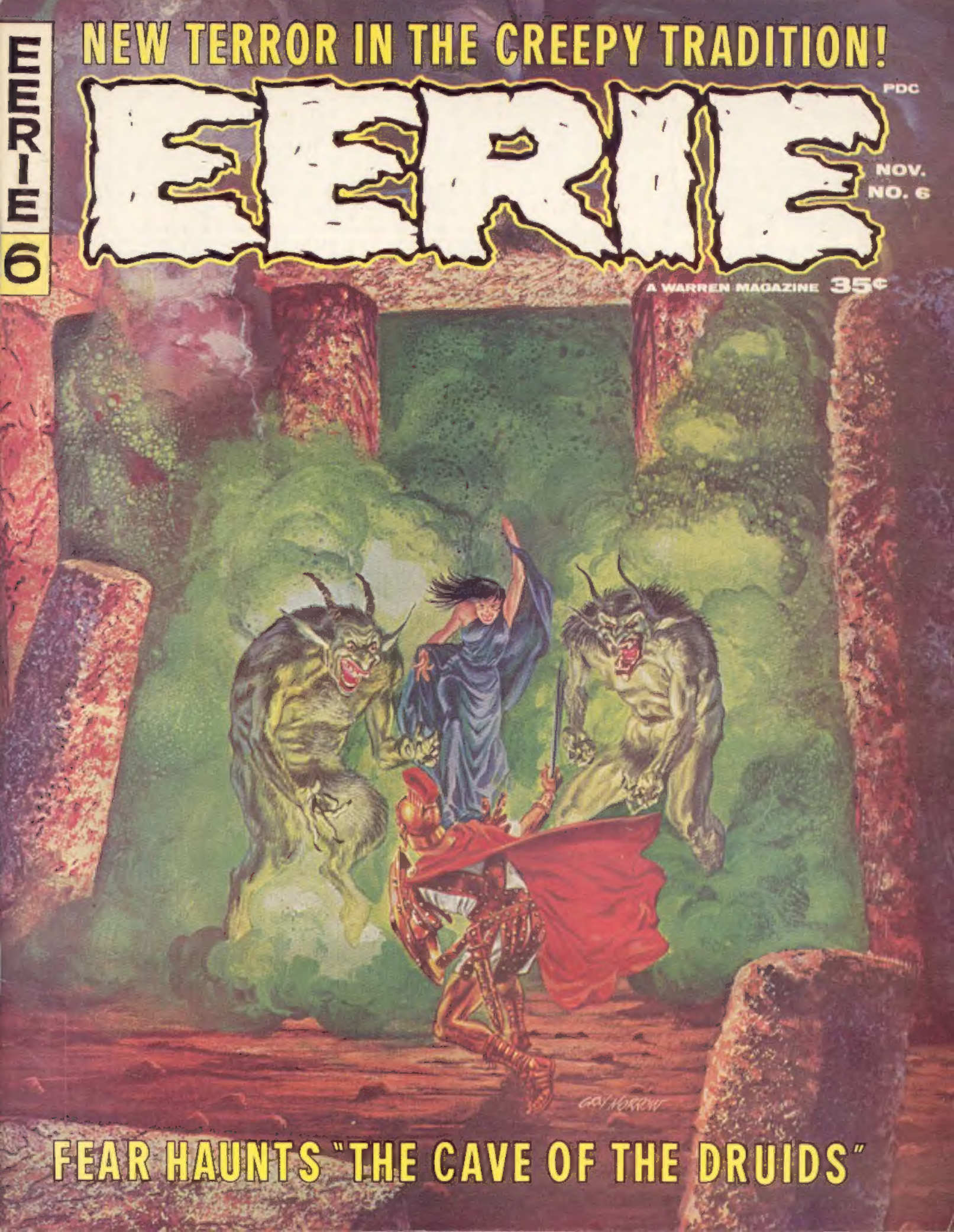
NEW TERROR IN THE CREEPY TRADITION!

EERIE

PDC

NOV. NO. 6

A WARREN MAGAZINE 35¢



FEAR HAUNTS "THE CAVE OF THE DRUIDS"

TIME AGAIN FOR A LITTLE ACID ART APPRECIATION, STUDENTS OF THE STARTLING... GET OUT THE PICTURE HOOKS WHILE I APPLY THE FINISHING TOUCHES FROM MY PULSATING PALETTE TO THIS NEWEST MONSTERPIECE IN...

EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY!

NO. 5-- THE MAN-MADE MONSTER!

PIECE BY PIECE, FROM GRAVES GHOULISHLY VIOLATED DURING NIGHT'S BLACKEST HOURS, A HULKING CARICATURE IS CREATED OF INANIMATE FLESH TO BE GIVEN LIFE BY ELECTRICAL POWER OR CHEMICAL INJECTIONS FROM SCIENTIFIC GENIUS GONE MAD! SUCH POWER ONCE CREATED IS SELDOM CONTROLLABLE AND MOST OFTEN TURNS ON ITS OWN CREATORS... FLAMES MAY CONSUME IT, EARTH OR WATER MAY BURY IT, BUT WHO CAN BE SURE IT IS TRULY DEAD?!

ART BY JOHN SEVERIN

EERIE

NO.6

PUBLISHER: James Warren **ASSISTANT TO PUBLISHER:** Richard Conway

EDITOR: Archie Goodwin **COVER:** Gray Morrow **LETTERING:** Ben Oda

STAFF ARTISTS: Eugene Colan, Reed Crandall, Steve Ditko, Frank Frazetta, Rocco Mastroserio, Gray Morrow, Joe Orlando, John Severin, Jay Taycee, Angelo Torres, Alex Toth, Al Williamson, Wallace Wood

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DEAR COUSIN EERIE

I could say boss, or I could say fine American Literature, but instead, I'll just send in my two bucks to show my appreciation of your magazine. In my opinion, there are only three good magazines on the stands. They are: CREEPY, EERIE and MAD, so like don't go out of business, huh. As I sit and stare at EERIE No. 4 I think, man, why don't those WEIRDIES put out more of those full page color drawings, those are boss (shades of Gray Morrow). I request more of these because a padded cell doesn't have much scenery.

Bob Frye
Phoenix, Arizona

Are the "shades of Gray Morrow" that you mention, Bob, the same ones he wore in his biography pic in CREEPY No. 8?—CE

The story that stood out from the others in EERIE No. 4 was "Gnawing Fear." Wish you'd do more like that one . . . To get off that subject, I would like to know what you think of BLAZING COMBAT.

Jack Gribble
Clackamas, Oregon

I don't want to hurt anyone's feelings, Jack (Hee, hee!), but it's one of the worst horror mags I've ever read! Four whole issues and not ONE werewolf or vampire!—CE

For 3 years I have been reading FM and I have also read all of the CREEPYs and EERIEs. In looking at EERIE No. 4, I can now honestly state that you ghouls at your (dead) letter office are prejudiced against Californians. I perused your letter section and saw letters from New Jersey, Mississippi, North Carolina, New York, Illinois, and others, but did I see one from California, much less Hollywood or L.A.? NO!!! Oh, I know you'll probably just file this letter in the waste basket with all the other California letters and say "There just ain't enough ghouls in California" . . .

Martin Moss
Hollywood, California

You're right, Marty.—CE

Your magazine is the greatest! I must compliment you on "Hatchet Man." Eugene Colan's artwork is superb and Archie Goodwin's script should win first prize. Please have them do another story together. By the way, I think Gray Morrow did an absolutely wonderful job on issue No. 4 cover, but no one can really take Frazetta's place.

Maureen Madel
Glen Ellyn, Illinois

GHOULISH GRAY isn't trying to take FRENZIED FRANK's place, Maureen. We think he's carving a spot of his very own!—CE

Come on, let's get with it. If you want to give that quivering pile of slime, UNCLE CREEPY, any competition, you just better get the ball rolling. Now issue No. 4 wasn't too bad, but it could have been a heck of a lot better, if you wanted it to be. I liked Gray Morrow's cover art real well, but the plot wasn't very good. The first story of Archie's was fair, and Orlando did a fairly good job of wash work on it. Now the second story was spectacular, even if it was a wee bit on the gory side. Some of those panel angles were the best I've ever seen Gene Colan do. That guy's got a lot of talent. "Gnawing Fear" was a story which I'm sure I've read in quite a few other comics and magazines. Art was great though, and really the story was OK. Now we come to the best illustrated story in the whole magazine. I really have to hand it to Steve Ditko on this one. It tops anything he's done so far; he seems to improve with each story. It had a fine script by Archie too. The last 2 stories I hate to even mention. . . . Even though I've thrown a lot of criticisms your way, don't get me wrong, your mag along with CREEPY, and BLAZING COMBAT are the top mags on the stands. As for your competitors, well, anybody who calls other comic magazines competitors should have their CREEPY FAN CLUB membership revoked. You can not call that junk competition.

Roger Hill
Wichita, Kansas

. . . I was pleasantly surprised to notice that Archie Goodwin's story "Island at World's End" was based on the Cthulhu mythos of H. P. Lovecraft. I think it would be interesting to use the actual Lovecraft stories, as they were written, rather than merely as the basis for others. Also, the Conan series by Robert E. Howard would be splendid as a series in your magazines. Also, look into the legends of the Kraken for a wealth of material . . .

Steve Edwards
Kensington, California

Editor Goodwin is a big Lovecraft bug (Hope no one squashes him as he crawls around the mausoleum walls), so perhaps in the future we'll be able to adapt some of the grand master's masterworks. —CE

I am writing this letter simply to ask this question: Why must a magazine such as EERIE or CREEPY, first published with such care and effort, later begin a downward climb, a slackening of excellence? Why, after a brief several issue blaze of glory must your magazine slip into a mediocrity, still above your competition, but no longer satisfying to your fans of the past?

Please continue to feature as often, those great artists such as Frank Frazetta, Reed Crandall, and Angelo Torres, who have the ability to convincingly pen atmosphere into their work. Spare us the mild, standard sort of horror that I found throughout EERIE No. 4. Please continue to expend both the effort and the expense to make your magazines in the future what they were in the past. If you must, raise the price, but DON'T lower your standards! Please don't feel obligated to publish this letter, as my observations may not be as obvious to others as they are to myself.

Pvt. Leon J. Janzen
Fort Lewis, Washington

Fortunately, to judge from our fearsome fang mail, you're outnumbered, Leon, but you're certainly entitled to your opinion and the right to express it. Hope issues since have been more to your liking.—CE

I don't know what Frank Frazetta's secret is, but the covers of EERIE are terrorifficly marvelous. I can't wait for the next issue.

Bill Leach
Riverside, Connecticut

We don't know what Fiendish Frank's secret is either, but if he ever lets us in on it, rest assured we'll find some way to package and sell it to all his fans.—CE

Don't get me wrong, I like your book as well as I like you know who's, but in No. 4 you have a story "Hatchet Man" which is very similar to the story of the Degman murders in California . . .

Bill Grant
Tucson, Arizona

I don't know anything about those murders, Bill, you can't pin 'em on me! I've got an airtight alibi. I was locked in the mausoleum, and, believe me, when it's locked, ain't nothing much more airtight than that!—CE

Your EERIE No. 4 cover was great, just great! And so were your stories. For the first time I can say Eerie IS better than Creepy. If possible, have Gray Morrow do all your covers. It was so lifelike. "Undying Love" and "Hatchet Man" were my favorite stories. Let's see more surprise endings like those. They were great.

I sent CREEPY and EERIE to a friend in Europe, and she liked Eerie MUCH better!

Barbara Cunningham
Huntington Woods, Mich.

Today Europe . . . Tomorrow, the World!—CE

I just received issue No. 4, and I really enjoyed it. Except for one thing. On page 39 you show the sorcerer yelling, "VOKSATH RATHEM NUBBOTH GORM! RGTHUTH OZEM NLUPT!" Boy, what does it mean, or where'd you pick it up? Also who draws Cousin Eerie (seriously)?

John Lombardo
Liverpool, New York

Very simple, John. It's really just "TPULN MEZO HTUHGR! MROG HTOBBUN MEHTAR HTASKOV!" backwards. My pulsating portraits are usually by JACK DAVIS, although from time to time some of the other demon draftsmen have a go at me.—CE

Want to write us? Address your poison pen letters to: EERIE LETTERS DEPT. Warren Publishing Co., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

READY TO GO *ROMAN* IN THE GLOAMIN' WITH ONE OF CAESAR'S SOLDIERS, FANGED FRIENDS? THEN LEAP BACK WITH ME THROUGH ***HYSTERICAL HISTORY*** TO 41 A.D. WHEN ROME'S LEGIONS HAVE EXTENDED THE EMPIRE TO THE BRITISH ISLES, BRINGING CIVILIZATION TO A DARK AND SUPERSTITIOUS LAND. BUT WATCH NOW AND SEE IF EVEN ROMAN MIGHT CAN PENETRATE THE LURKING HORRORS OF THE...

Cave of the Druids!

HIS STRONG RIGHT HAND CLENCHING AND UNCLENCHING ON THE HILT OF HIS FLAT SWORD, MARCUS SEVERUS STARED IMPATIENTLY INTO THE LEATHERY FACE OF THE ANCIENT CELT. HIS REPUTATION IN THE LEGION HAD BEEN MADE BY ACTION ... THE OLD MAN'S RAMBLINGS AND WARNINGS DID NOT SIT WELL.

MY ORDERS ARE TO CONTACT THAT PATROL... WHEREVER THEY MAY BE! IF THIS IS THEIR PATH, SO BE IT!

GO NO FURTHER, LEGIONNAIRE! THE COMRADES YOU SEEK PLUNGED UNHEEDING INTO THE BLACK WOOD... BE NOT AS FOOLISH AS THEY!

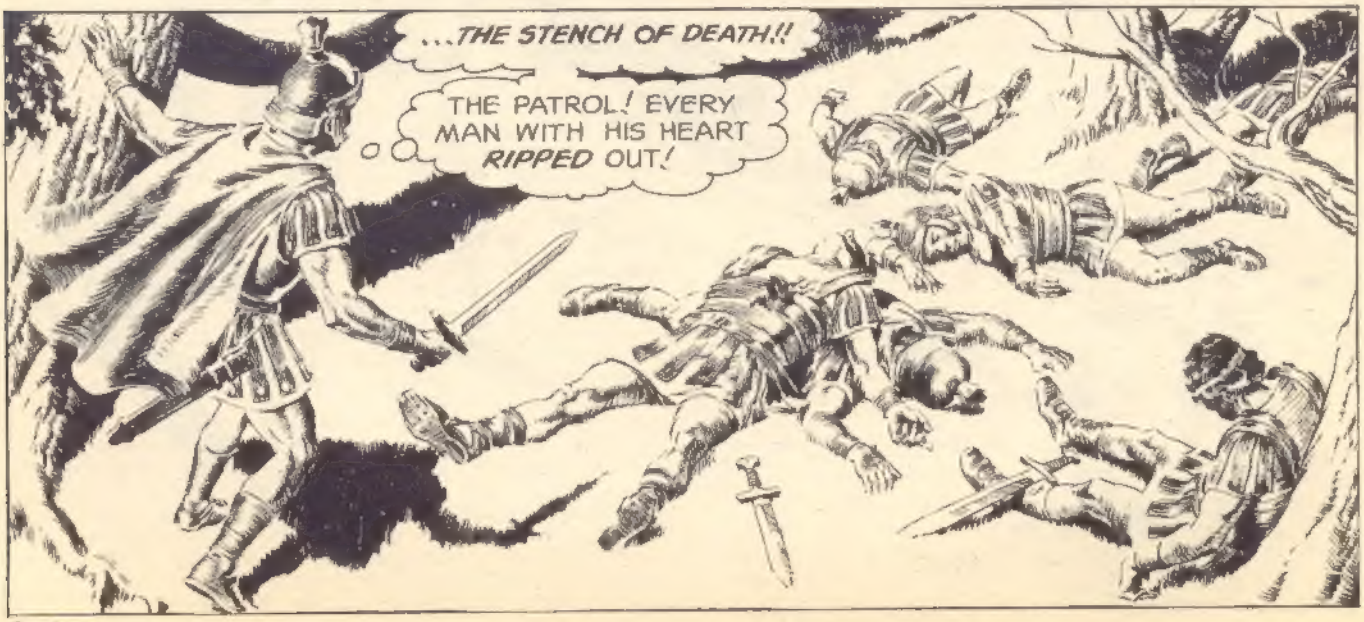
R. CRANDALL

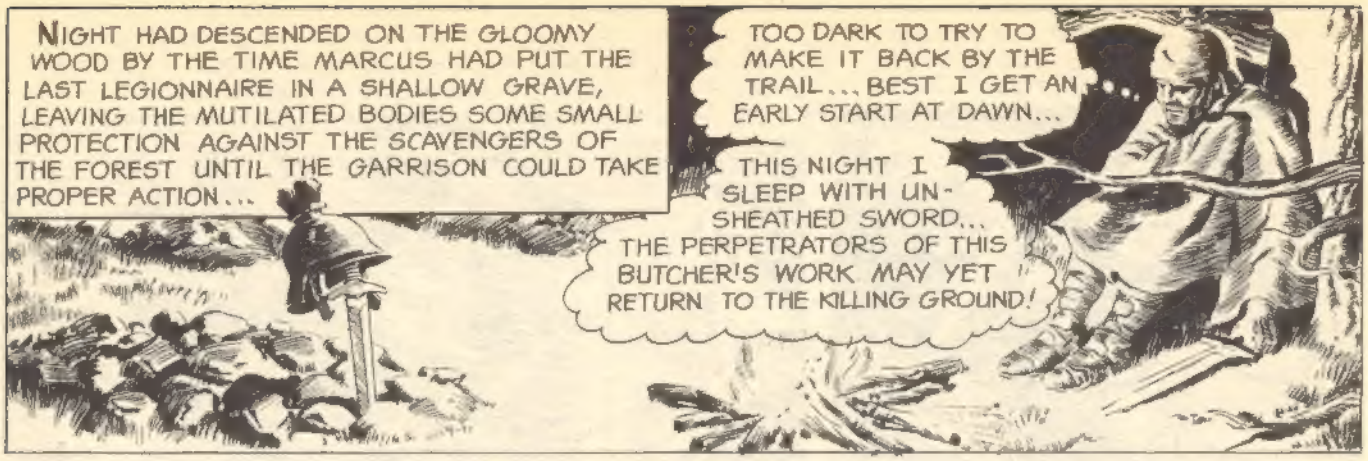
ART BY REED CRANDALL/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

EVIL HAUNTS THIS SHADOWED PLACE! THOSE WHO ENTER SELDOM LEAVE!
I WON MY FREEDOM IN THE SANDS OF THE COLISEUM, GRANDFATHER! IF I ESCAPED A GLADIATOR'S DEATH, SURELY I CAN FIND MY WAY OUT OF YOUR FOREST!

THE TRAIL TWISTED AND TURNED AMONG THE GNARLED SPREADING OAKS WHOSE INTERTWINING OVERHEAD BRANCHES ALL BUT SHUT OUT THE LATE AFTERNOON SUN...
BLAST THE THICK-HEADED CENTURION WHO'D LEAD A PATROL INTO *THIS!* WHAT WAS HE THINKING OF? WHAT LED HIM TO IT?

A SOUND DRIFTED THROUGH THE SILENT TREES, TINKLING AND HOLLOW, LIKE THE LAUGHTER OF A WOMAN FAR AWAY...
DID ANY BIRD EVER MAKE SUCH A MOCKING SOUND? YET WHAT ELSE COULD IT BE?
CLEARING AHEAD, BUT THAT SMELL COMING FROM IT... THERE'S BUT ONE SUCH STENCH...


...*THE STENCH OF DEATH!!*
THE PATROL! EVERY MAN WITH HIS HEART *RIPPED* OUT!


NIGHT HAD DESCENDED ON THE GLOOMY WOOD BY THE TIME MARCUS HAD PUT THE LAST LEGIONNAIRE IN A SHALLOW GRAVE, LEAVING THE MUTILATED BODIES SOME SMALL PROTECTION AGAINST THE SCAVENGERS OF THE FOREST UNTIL THE GARRISON COULD TAKE PROPER ACTION...
TOO DARK TO TRY TO MAKE IT BACK BY THE TRAIL... BEST I GET AN EARLY START AT DAWN...
THIS NIGHT I SLEEP WITH UN-SHEATHED SWORD... THE PERPETRATORS OF THIS BUTCHER'S WORK MAY YET RETURN TO THE KILLING GROUND!

LONG HOURS CREPT BY... NIGHT BREEZES BLEW CHILL AND THE FOREST DAMP SET IN, MAKING MARCUS LONG FOR THE WARM OLIVE GROVES OF SOUTHERN ITALY...
EACH MAN DEAD, BUT NO SIGN OF A BATTLE... HEARTS ARE NOT SLICED LIKE THAT FROM THE BODY OF ANY LIVING WARRIORS...SOME-THING ELSE GOT THOSE MEN...

THERE WAS THE SOUND OF MOVEMENT IN THE TREES. WITH A CRY, MARCUS LEAPED UP ONLY TO BE CAUGHT IN THE VICE-GRIP OF SLITHERING SNAKES OF GNARLED OAK...
THE TREES! THEY'RE ALIVE!

THE CONSTRICTING BANDS DREW TIGHT FORCING THE LIFE BREATH OUT OF THE LEGIONNAIRE WHOSE BLADE FLASHED AND HACKED AT THE UNNATURAL MENACE...
SWORD'S NO GOOD! LIKE STRIKING IRON...
THIS IS HOW THE PATROL DIED... CRUSHED BY THESE DEMON TREES!

ONE LAST CHANCE... GOING TO DIE... IF I MISS...

MARCUS FLICKED WITH HIS SWORD, SENDING A BLAZING FIREBRAND ARCHING INTO THE AIR...
GOT IT!
IGNORING THE PAIN OF GRIPPING THE SMOULDERING BRANCH, THE ROMAN THRUST AGAIN AND AGAIN WITH HIS FIERY WEAPON AGAINST THE DEATH CLUTCH OF THE OAKS...
THEY CAN'T TAKE ...THE FLAME... RELEASING ME...
WEAKENED BY THE ORDEAL, MARCUS COLLAPSED WITHIN THE SAFETY OF THE FIRE'S GLOW, NOT MOVING FOR LONG MOMENTS, THEN FREEZING STILL AS FROM THE SURROUNDING DARKNESS SOMETHING STIRRED...
HE FOUGHT FOR NOTHING...THE TREES HAVE DONE THEIR WORK!
THIS NIGHT WE'LL FACE THE ALTAR WITH ANOTHER ROMAN HEART FOR GREAT DISPATER!
EVERY MUSCLE IN HIS STEEL FRAMED BODY TENSED AS MARCUS HEARD THE STEALTHY FOOTFALLS ON THE FOREST FLOOR... A SHADOWY FIGURE BENT NEAR...
ALIVE! THE ROMAN SWINEHERD'S ALIVE!
THE HORNED HELMETS! THEY'RE DRUIDS... DEMON WORSHIPPERS ALL!

ABOVE HIM, THE TREE LEAVES WERE RATTLED BY A FAINT WIND WHICH ALSO CARRIED WITH IT THE SAME DISTANT LAUGHTER MARCUS HAD HEARD EARLIER...

CAUTIOUSLY, THE ROMAN SLID THROUGH THE DARKNESS AND INTO ANOTHER, SMALLER CLEARING MARKED BY A HUGE BOULDER BEARING STRANGE SYMBOLS...

CHANTING... LED BY A WOMAN'S VOICE... THESE STEPS PLUNGE SO FAR... PERHAPS TO THE UNDERWORLD ITSELF!

GREAT DISPATER, YOU WHO HAVE MADE THE TREES MOVE AT OUR COMMAND, YOU WHO HAVE GIVEN VAST POWERS TO MY WAND OF YEW, YOU WHO FEAST ON THE HEARTS OF ROMAN DEAD... HEAR YOUR PRIESTESS!

THE GODS TAKE ME! THE DRUIDS TRY TO RIVAL PLUTO HIMSELF!

MARCUS CROUCHED LOW IN SILENT FURY AS THE BARBAROUS RITES WERE PLAYED OUT...
BREATHE LIFE INTO OUR SLAIN KING... THE LIFE FROM THE HEARTS OF THOSE WHO KILLED HIM...
'TIS AS I FEARED! THE HEARTS WERE NOT WORTHY TO MOVE SO NOBLE A BODY! EVEN PASSES OF THE MIGHTY WAND HAVE NO AVAIL...

EVEN AS YOU SEE ME AND MY WAND AS PROOF OF DIS-PATER'S MAGIC... EVEN AS I DREW THE OTHER ROMANS TO US... EVEN SO DOES MY SORCERY CALL YET ANOTHER ... ANOTHER OF WARRIOR'S HEART...

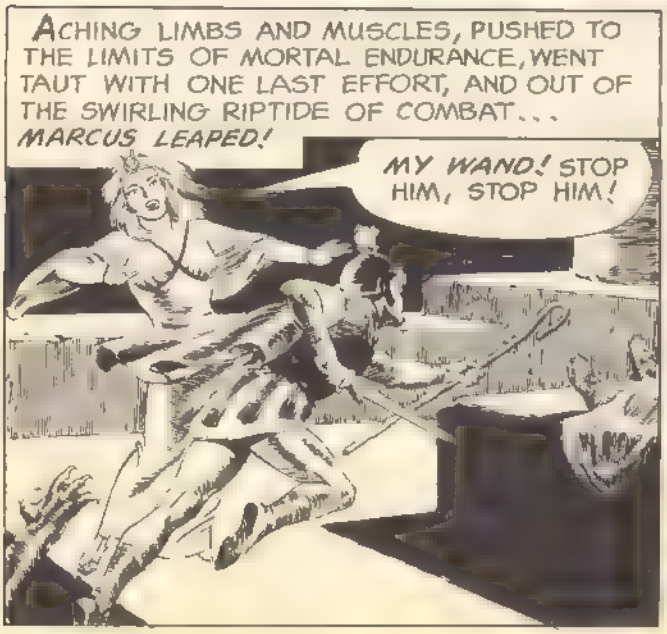
... HE WHO LURKS BEHIND YOU! SEIZE HIM! HIS HEART WILL BRING LIFE TO YOUR KING!
IT WAS HER LAUGHTER I HEARD! TAUNTING ME ON, DRAWING ME HERE...

DRUIDESS WITCH! LEARN HOW DEARLY MARCUS SERVERUS SELLS HIS HEART!
OUR NUMBERS ARE NOT THE MATCH FOR HIS SKILL!
THEN LET HIM FACE THE POWERS OF MY WAND!

ABOVE THE RING OF HIS OWN SLASHING SWORD, MARCUS HEARD THE SOUND OF THE DRUIDESS' MOCKING LAUGHTER AS HER WAND DANCED THROUGH THE AIR... THE ATTACKERS MELTED INTO A HIDEOUS NEW FORM!
FIGHT ON! FIGHT ON ONLY AS THE SPAWN OF GREAT DISPATER CAN!
JUPITER'S BLOOD! SHE PITS ME WITH GLADIATORS OF THE DAMNED!

MY STRUGGLE IS DOOMED! THE KILLING STROKES LEFT IN MY ARM ARE NUMBERED... EACH THRUST BRINGS ME ANOTHER STEP CLOSER TO DEATH AT THESE UNNATURAL HANDS!

YET ALL THIS EVIL... ALL HER POWER.. LIES IN THE WAND!


ACHING LIMBS AND MUSCLES, PUSHED TO THE LIMITS OF MORTAL ENDURANCE, WENT TAUT WITH ONE LAST EFFORT, AND OUT OF THE SWIRLING RIPTIDE OF COMBAT... MARCUS LEAPED!
MY WAND! STOP HIM, STOP HIM!

BASE IDOL! CONSUME THE FRUIT OF YOUR OWN EVIL!

A GREAT QUIET ENVELOPED THE HUGE CAVERN AS THE WAND OF YEW TURNED TO A BLACKENED CRISP WITHIN THE RAGING INFERNO OF THE IDOL'S MOUTH ...

IT WORKED! BUT... BUT WHY ARE THEY STARING?...

NO! OH, N-NOOOO!

THE WAND! IT WAS MY LIFE... MY POWER! ITS FATE WAS MY OWN! EEEEEEEEEE!

PITY AND REVULSION ARE NOT STOCK IN TRADE OF A WARRIOR AND SOLDIER, YET MARCUS COULD FEEL BOTH AS HE WEARILY PUSHED THROUGH THE STUNNED DRUIDS TO THE STEPS LEADING TO THE OUTER WORLD OF SANITY AND LIGHT... LEAVING THE CHARRED SCENT OF BURNT ASHES TO FOREVER HAUNT THE CAVE OF THE DRUIDS!

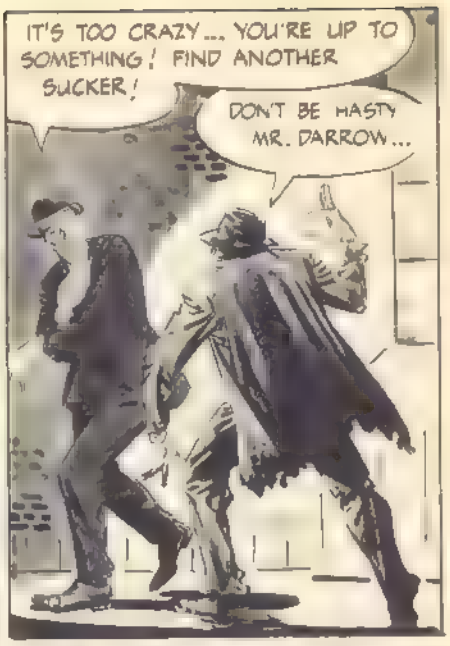
YOU *EERIE ENTHUSIASTS* ARE JUST IN TIME TO TAKE PART IN A LITTLE TERROR TRANSACTION I'M ARRANGING... AS USUAL IN MY DEMONIACAL DEALS, THERE ARE A FEW STRINGS ATTACHED, AS JEWELLER *LESTER DARROW* FINDS OUT IN THIS LITTLE GEM I CALL...

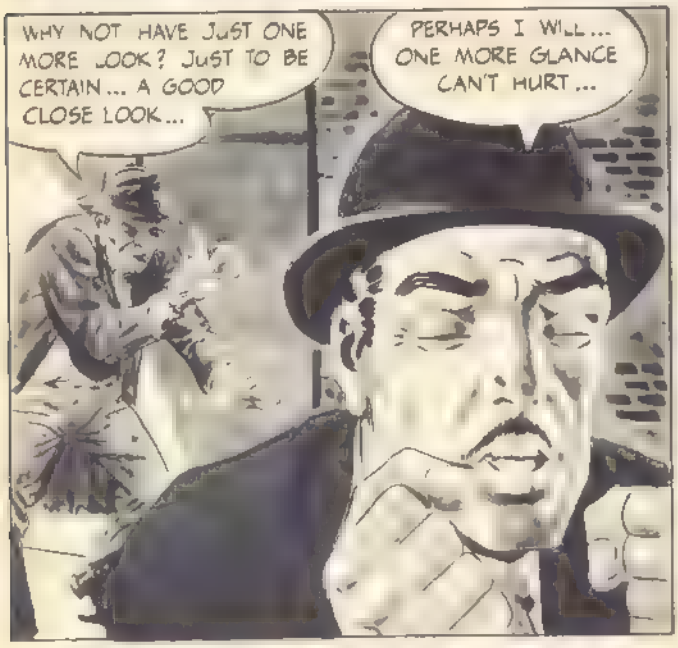
DEEP RUBY!

ART BY STEVE DITKO/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

I'VE DEALT IN GEMS MOST OF MY LIFE YET NEVER HAD I SEEN THE MATCH OF THE GLIMMERING RED OVAL BEFORE ME...
SO LARGE SO PERFECT...I-IT CAN'T BE REAL...
TAKE YOUR TIME... LOOK IT OVER CLOSELY...

HOW... HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR IT ?
MONEY ISN'T THE OBJECT THE IMPORTANT THING IS... DO YOU WANT IT ? LOOK CLOSELY... DECIDE !


IT'S TOO CRAZY... YOU'RE UP TO SOMETHING ! FIND ANOTHER SUCKER !
DON'T BE HASTY MR. DARROW...


WHY NOT HAVE JUST ONE MORE LOOK ? JUST TO BE CERTAIN... A GOOD CLOSE LOOK...
PERHAPS I WILL... ONE MORE GLANCE CAN'T HURT...

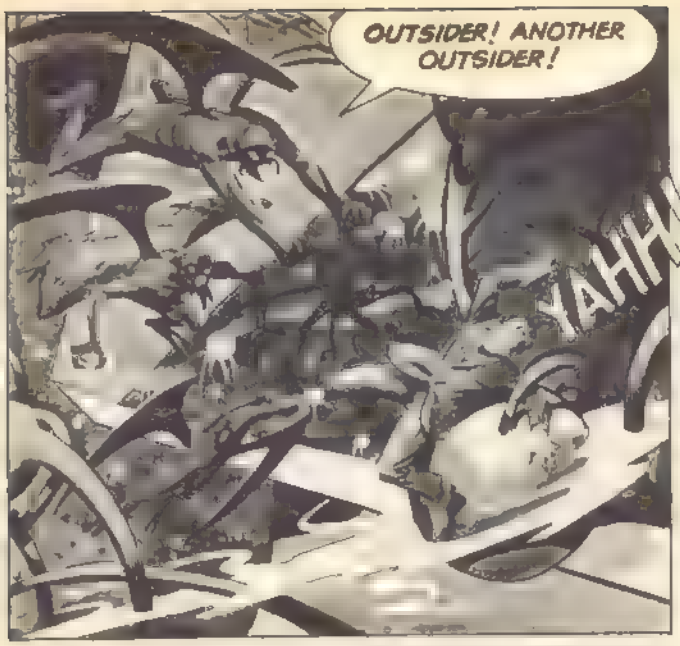
YES... BUT NOT JUST A GLANCE. STUDY IT. THE RICH FULL COLOR THAT DEEP GLEAMING RED...

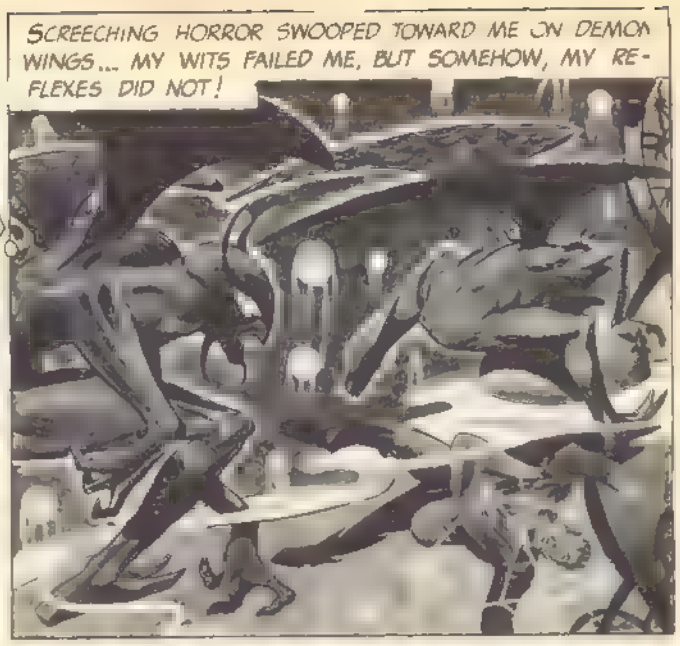
EXAMINE THE VASTNESS THE COMPLEXITY WITHIN... BEYOND THE CUT SURFACE THERE'S MORE... MUCH MORE !

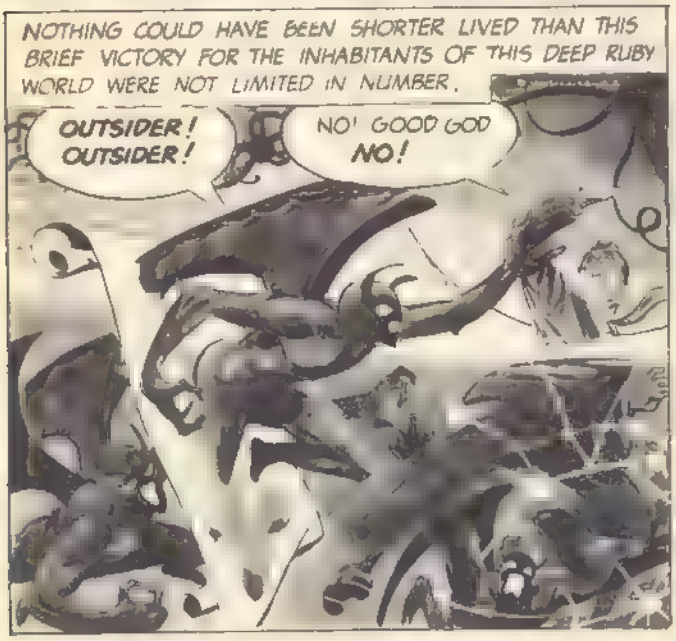
YES... YES !

I MUST HAVE IT !

EVEN AS I WAS UTTERING THE WORDS I FELT DRAWN MORE AND MORE TO THAT SWIRLING BLOOD RED VASTNESS THAT SPARKLED AND GLITTERED BEFORE ME....
...MUST HAVE IT... MUST HAVE IT... MUST...
UNTIL THE TERRIBLE EXTENT OF MY FASCINATION BEGAN SLOWLY TO PENETRATE MY OVERWHELMED SENSES ....
THE RUBY... I'M INSIDE IT! INSIDE!
AMONG THE HANDLERS OF PRECIOUS STONES, THERE ARE DARK RUMORS VAGUELY ALLUDED TO... STRANGE TALES OF DREAMING JEWELS, SORCERERS' STONES! PRICELESS GEMS CURSED AND HAUNTED... AND IN ONE MADDENING INSTANT, I KNEW THEM TO BE TRUE!
THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING... IT CAN'T BE!
YET IT WAS. LIKE SOME WANDERER OF THE COSMOS I PLUNGED DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THIS MICROCOSMIC UNIVERSE... AT THE MERCY OF A POWER BEYOND MY COMPREHENSION ....
AND AS I SWEPT ON CAME THE GROWING UNCOMFORTABLE SENSATION THAT I WAS NOT ALONE IN THIS NIGHTMARE DIMENSION...


OUTSIDER! ANOTHER OUTSIDER!
YAHH!

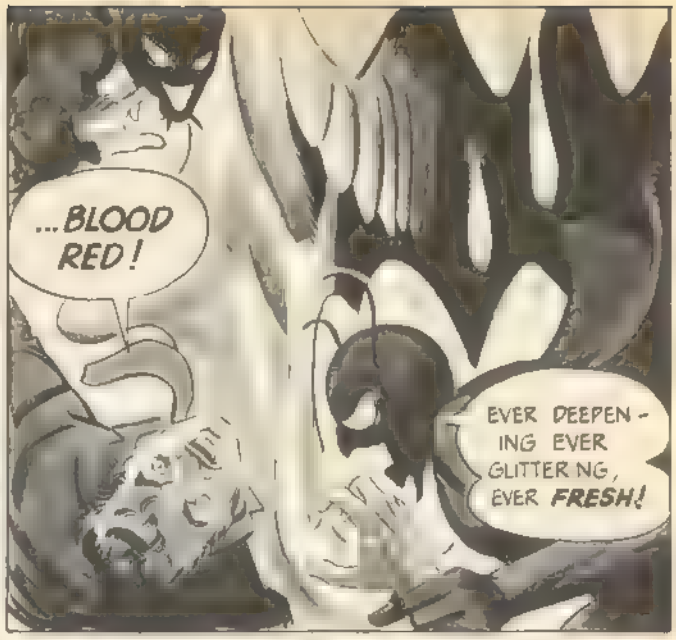

SCREECHING HORROR SWOOPED TOWARD ME ON DEMON WINGS... MY WITS FAILED ME, BUT SOMEHOW, MY REFLEXES DID NOT!


NOTHING COULD HAVE BEEN SHORTER LIVED THAN THIS BRIEF VICTORY FOR THE INHABITANTS OF THIS DEEP RUBY WORLD WERE NOT LIMITED IN NUMBER.
OUTSIDER! OUTSIDER!
NO! GOOD GOD NO!

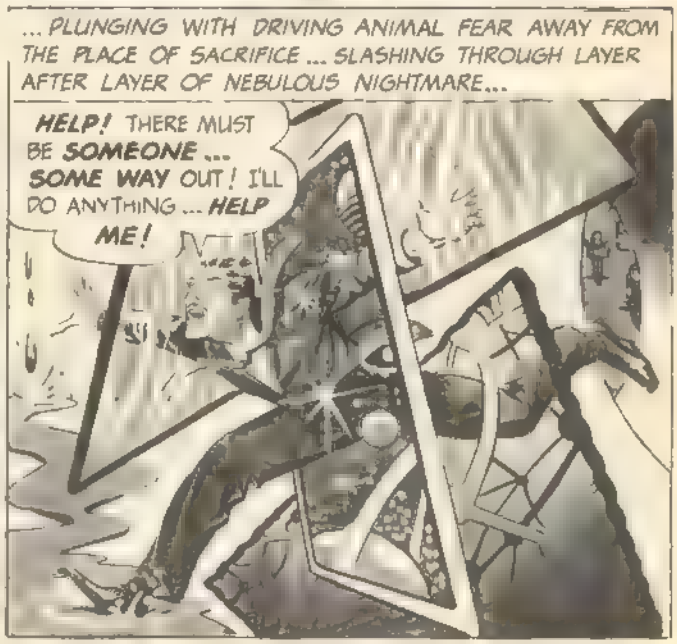
...NOR STRENGTH AND AGILITY...
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? I DON'T MEAN ANY HARM! LEAVE ME ALONE... PLEASE!
WE HAVE HIM! HE'S OURS!

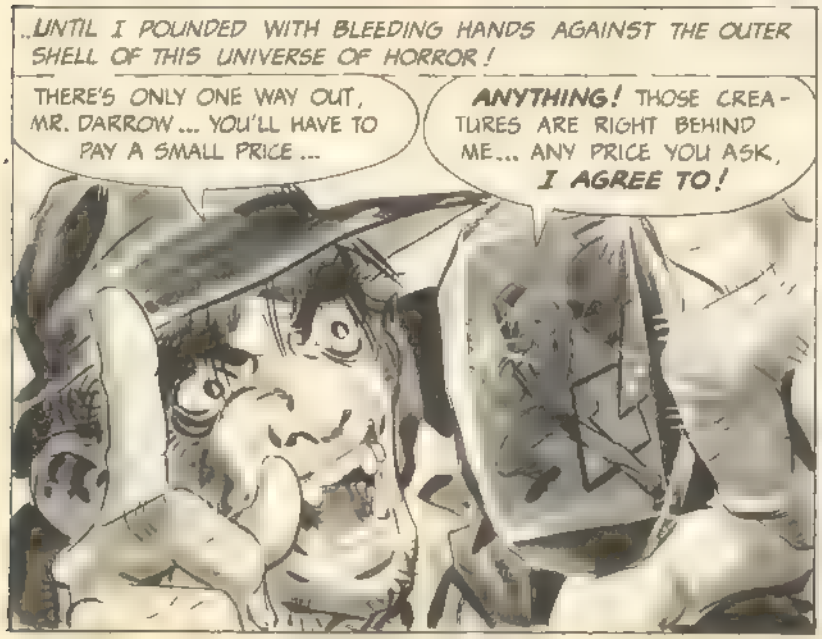
HELPLESSLY IN THE GRIP OF THE SUPERNATURAL, I WAS PULLED THROUGH THE EVER-SHIFTING ATMOSPHERE TOWARD AN INCREASINGLY THUNDEROUS GRINDING SOUND...
T-THAT THING AHEAD... WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME? WHAT IS THAT?
IT IS THE SOURCE... THE CENTER OF THE RUBY UNIVERSE...

I-I DON'T UNDER-STAND... WHAT'S IT'S PURPOSE? WHY BRING ME HERE?
SURELY, IT IS OBVIOUS, OUTSIDER... EVEN TO YOU, TH.NK... WHAT IS THE COLOR OF THE RUBY?


...BLOOD RED!
EVER DEEPEN-ING EVER GLITTER NG, EVER FRESH!

IN THE FACE OF GRINDING DEATH, I FOUND THE STRENGTH OF INSANE DESPERATION...


...PLUNGING WITH DRIVING ANIMAL FEAR AWAY FROM THE PLACE OF SACRIFICE... SLASHING THROUGH LAYER AFTER LAYER OF NEBULOUS NIGHTMARE...
HELP! THERE MUST BE SOMEONE... SOME WAY OUT! I'LL DO ANYTHING... HELP ME!


..UNTIL I POUNDED WITH BLEEDING HANDS AGAINST THE OUTER SHELL OF THIS UNIVERSE OF HORROR!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT, MR. DARROW... YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY A SMALL PRICE...
ANYTHING! THOSE CREA-TURES ARE RIGHT BEHIND ME... ANY PRICE YOU ASK, I AGREE TO!

THIS TIME THERE WAS NO FADING OR SWIRLING... ONLY ONE VAST ALL CONSUM-ING JOLT!
AIEEEEEEE

NOW, AS I CROUCH HERE IN THE SHADOWS, STARING OUT INTO THE VERY REAL EVERYDAY WORLD, I REALIZE FULLY THE PRICE REQUIRED OF ME TO ESCAPE THAT DEEP RUBY HELL...

...AND I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I MUST DO AND KEEP DOING UNTIL I FIND ONE WHO IS WILLING TO PAY THE SAME PRICE... SOMEONE... **ANYONE!**

PSSSST! MISTER...

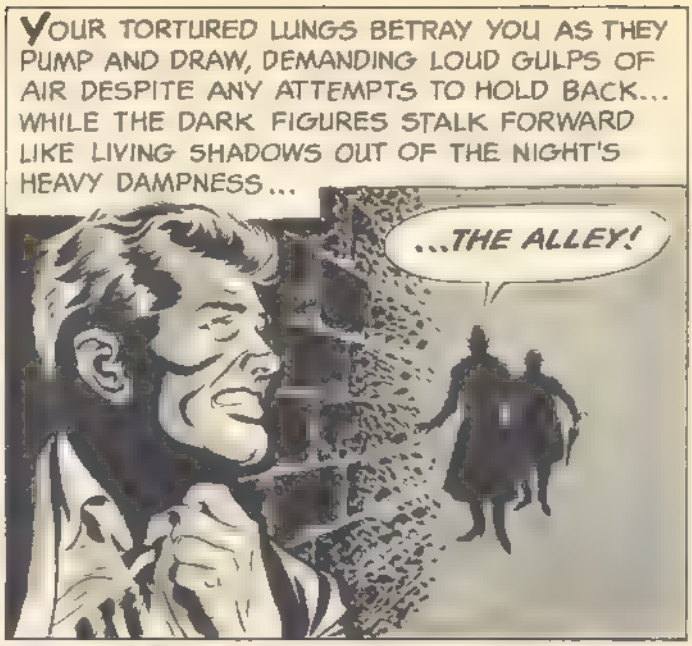
DON'T GET EXCITED! I'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT'LL INTEREST **YOU!**

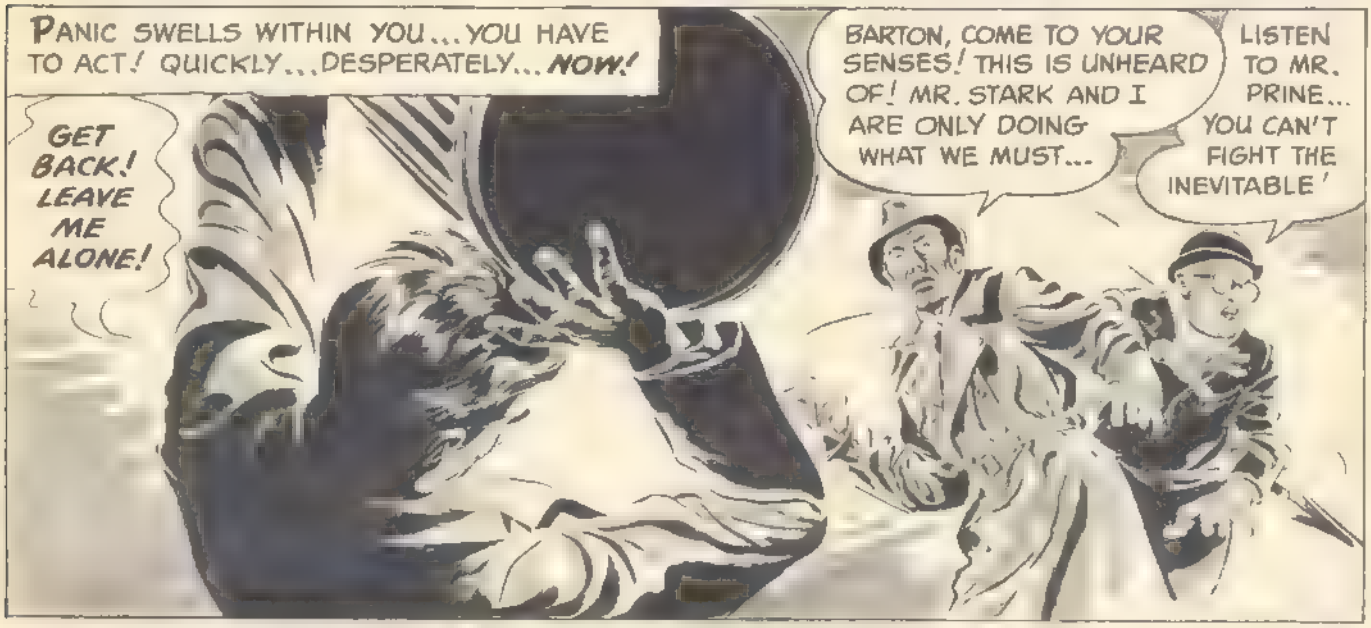
EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE **THIS?**

WELL, WRITHING READERS, HOW'S YOUR SALES RESISTANCE? DON'T EXAMINE THE MERCHANDISE TOO CLOSELY OR YOU MAY FINISH THE ISSUE FROM INSIDE THE RUBY! BETTER PLAY IT SAFE AND RUN ON TO THE NEXT OF MY NAUSEATING NOVELETTES!

ART BY MARK RICTON/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

NO SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS... IF HE WERE STILL RUNNING, WE'D HEAR IT!
HE MUST BE AROUND HERE...HIDING...ONLY ONE LOGICAL PLACE...


YOUR TORTURED LUNGS BETRAY YOU AS THEY PUMP AND DRAW, DEMANDING LOUD GULPS OF AIR DESPITE ANY ATTEMPTS TO HOLD BACK... WHILE THE DARK FIGURES STALK FORWARD LIKE LIVING SHADOWS OUT OF THE NIGHT'S HEAVY DAMPNESS...
...THE ALLEY!

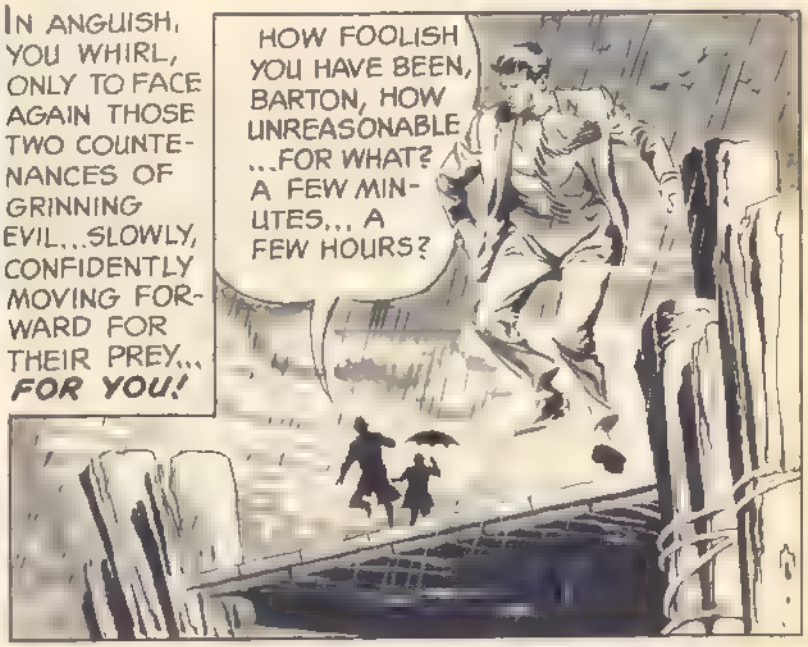

PANIC SWELLS WITHIN YOU...YOU HAVE TO ACT! QUICKLY...DESPERATELY...NOW!
GET BACK! LEAVE ME ALONE!
BARTON, COME TO YOUR SENSES! THIS IS UNHEARD OF! MR. STARK AND I ARE ONLY DOING WHAT WE MUST...
LISTEN TO MR. PRINE... YOU CAN'T FIGHT THE INEVITABLE!

GET AWAY FROM ME! GET AWAY!
KER-RASH!

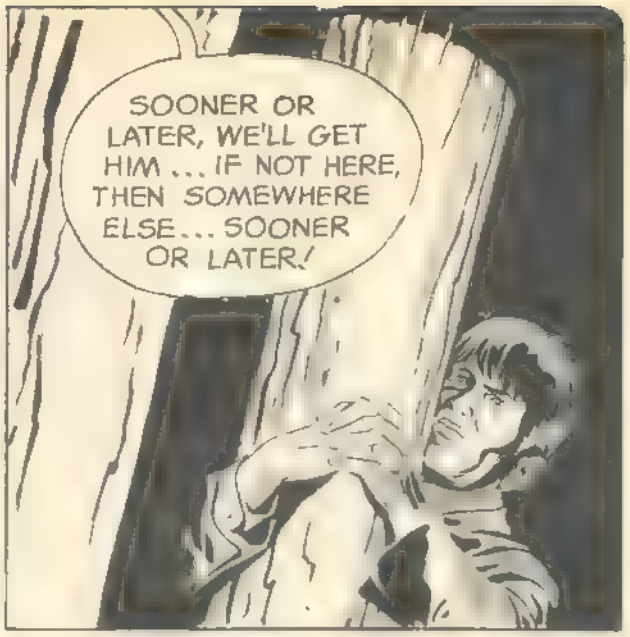
WE'LL GET YOU, BARTON! NO MATTER WHERE YOU RUN...WHERE YOU GO... WE'LL GET YOU!

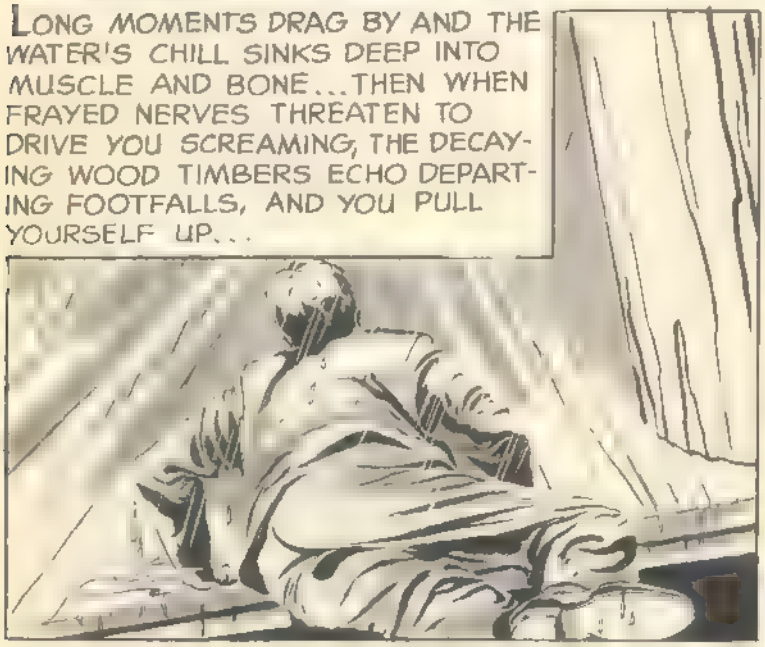
NOW YOU RUN... FAST AND HARD AS YOU HAVE MANY TIMES BEFORE IN THIS NIGHT OF TERROR! SLIPPING AND SLIDING ON CONCRETE AND ASPHALT PUDDLED AND DAMP FROM THE SHROUD-LIKE DRIZZLE... RUN TO ELUDE THE TWO MENACING SHADOWS WHICH EVEN NOW STRETCH OUT AFTER YOU LIKE GRASPING PHANTOM FINGERS..

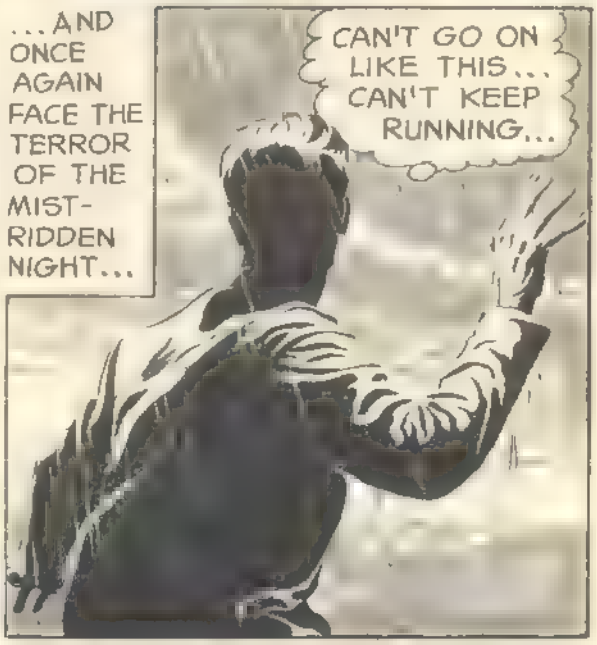
IN ANGUISH, YOU WHIRL, ONLY TO FACE AGAIN THOSE TWO COUNTENANCES OF GRINNING EVIL...SLOWLY, CONFIDENTLY MOVING FORWARD FOR THEIR PREY... FOR YOU!



YOUR BODY KNIFES INTO THE INKY SURFACE, CUTTING DEEP INTO THE MURKY DEPTHS, AND YOU SURRENDER TO THE CHILL, SWIRLING CLUTCH OF THE RIVER'S CURRENT...







NOW YOUR TORTURED MIND BEGINS TO FUNCTION, REACHING BEYOND THE LIMITS OF RAW PURSUIT AND SURVIVAL, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THIS CHAIN OF HORROR WAS FORGED, YOU KNOW WHERE TO GO...

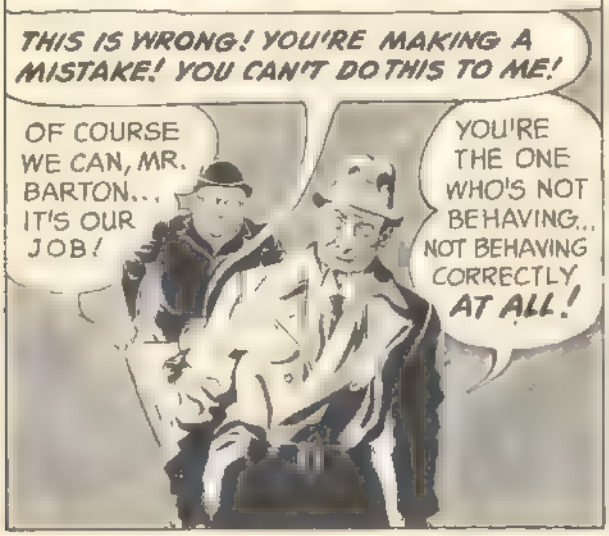
ONCE MORE YOU RUN! LEGS ACHING... LUNGS SCREAMING... THE SOUND OF YOUR FOOTSTEPS BEING EATEN UP BY THE SQUEAL OF THE CAR BEHIND YOU...

THEY LOOM CLOSE BEHIND, ABOUT TO BRING YOU TO EARTH LIKE A HUNTED ANIMAL... AND LIKE MANY HUNTED ANIMALS, YOU TAKE REFUGE... UNDER-GROUND!

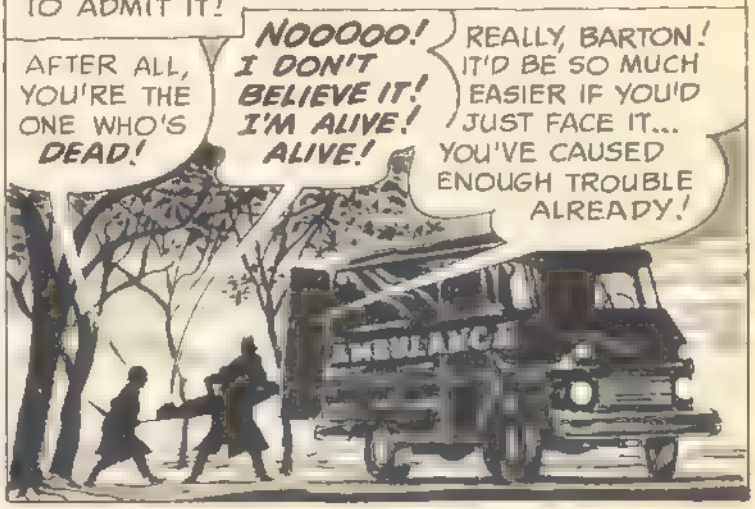
HOME! THE SUBWAY DOES WHAT THE TAXI COULD NOT... YOU ARE OUT OF THE TOWERING STEEL AND CONCRETE MENACE THAT WAS THE CITY... YOU MOVE NOW THROUGH RAIN-LADEN GRASS AND SHRUBS...HOME TO THE PEACE AND SAFETY YOU'VE BEEN SEEKING...

THE SCREAM IS HARDLY OUT OF YOUR THROAT BEFORE THEY ARE ON YOU... YOUR PITIFUL STRUGGLING IS USELESS ...THIS TIME THERE IS NO ESCAPE... ***NONE!***

YOU SCREAM IN HELPLESS RAGE, RANT AND SWEAR, AS THEY CARRY YOU FROM YOUR HOME, PAST YOUR UNMOVED WIFE...



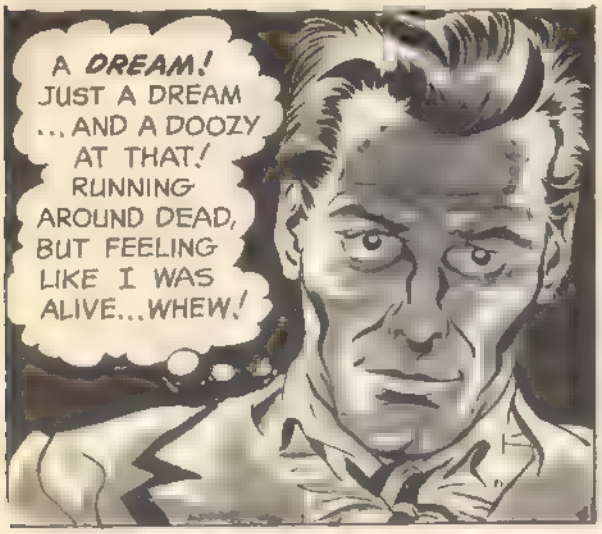
SUDDENLY, EVEN AS THESE GROTESQUE PASTY-FACED MEN ARE SAYING IT, YOU SENSE THE WHOLE HORRIBLE TRUTH BEHIND ALL THAT'S BEEN HAPPENING TO YOU... AND YOU STILL REFUSE TO ADMIT IT!



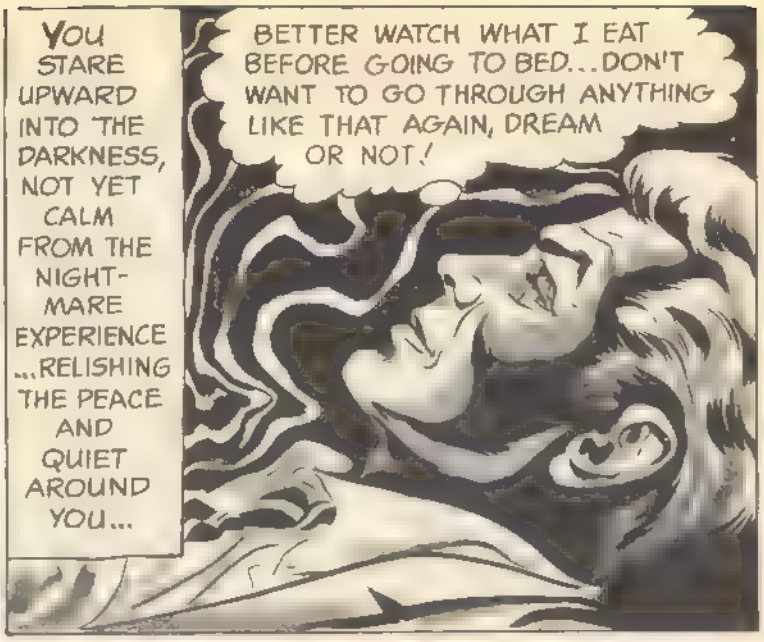
THE INSIDE OF THE AMBULANCE IS FILLED WITH EQUIPMENT...TERRIBLE EQUIPMENT TO BE USED ON THE DEAD...TO BE USED ON ***YOU!***

THERE IS A SHARP STINGING SENSATION INSIDE THE ELBOW OF EACH OF YOUR ARMS...SLOWLY AT FIRST, THEN EVER FASTER, THE WORLD BEGINS TO SPIN AND DISINTEGRATE TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF STARK AND PRINE'S MANIACAL LAUGHTER AND YOUR OWN SCREAMS!

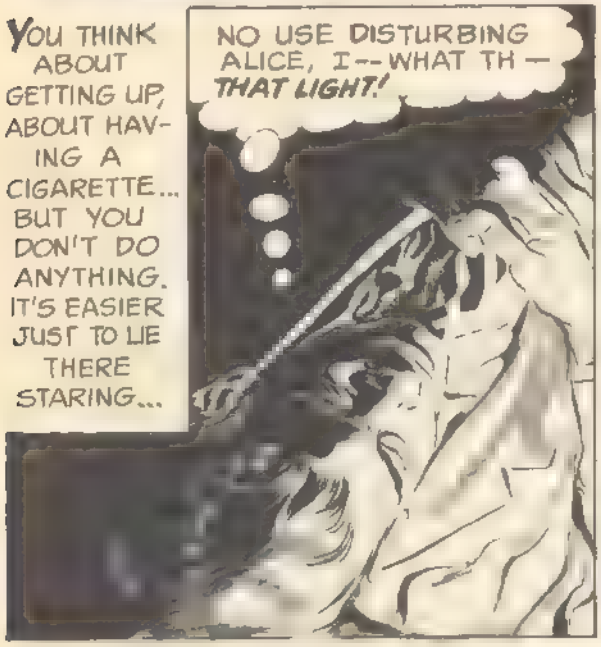
SUDDENLY EVERYTHING FADES AND GROWS SILENT. YOU ARE ALONE AND SAFE... AND FEELING VERY FOOLISH!

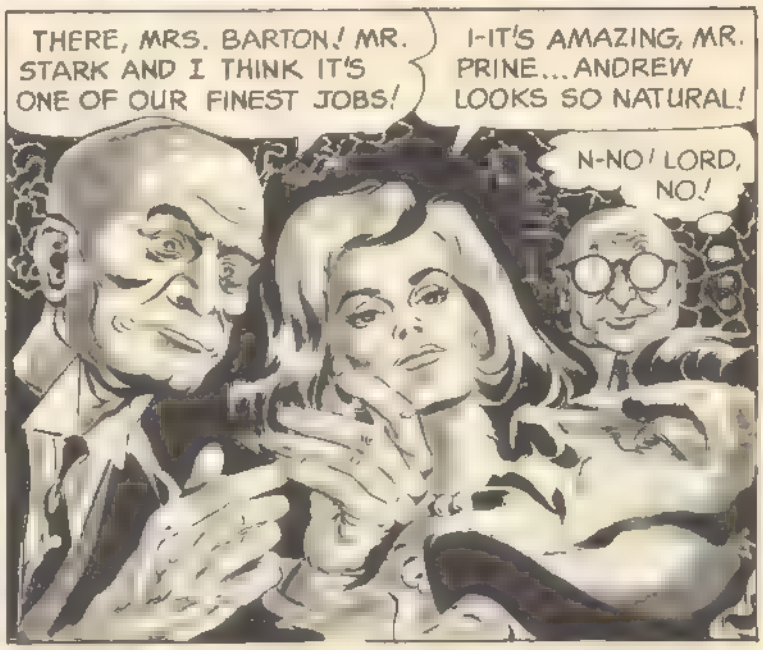


YOU STARE UPWARD INTO THE DARKNESS, NOT YET CALM FROM THE NIGHT-MARE EXPERIENCE ...RELISHING THE PEACE AND QUIET AROUND YOU...

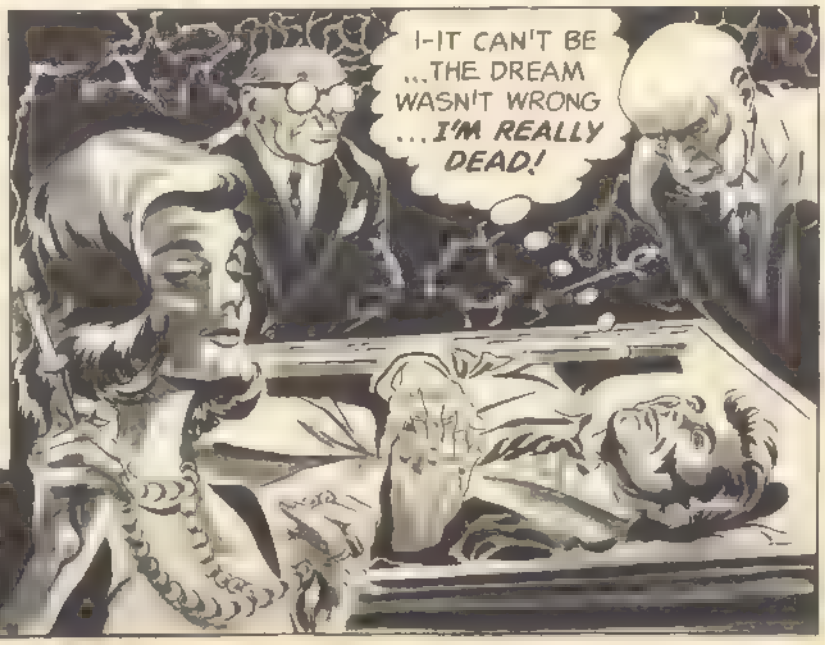


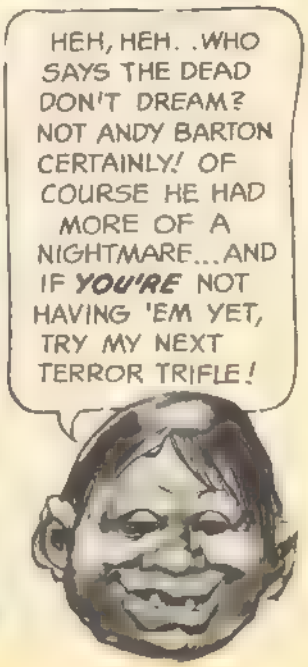
YOU THINK ABOUT GETTING UP, ABOUT HAV-ING A CIGARETTE... BUT YOU DON'T DO ANYTHING. IT'S EASIER JUST TO LIE THERE STARING...





YOU TRY TO SCREAM BUT NOTHING HAPPENS... YOU CAN ONLY LISTEN TO THEIR IDLE TALK, AND STARE, AND SMILE... AND PERHAPS OCCASIONALLY ...DREAM!



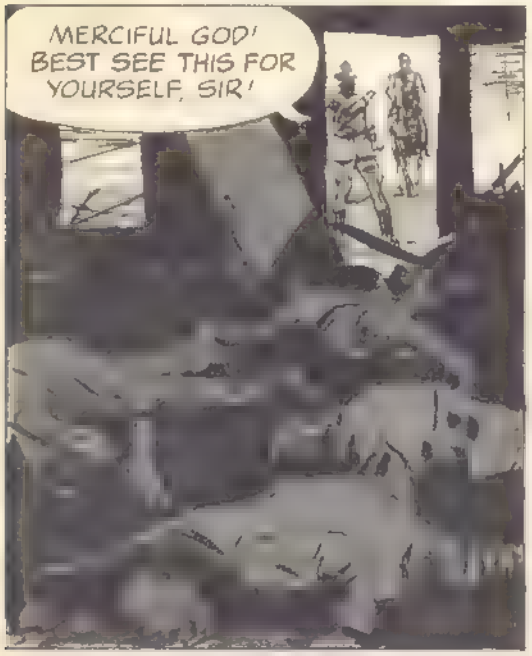


ART BY ANGELO TORRES, SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

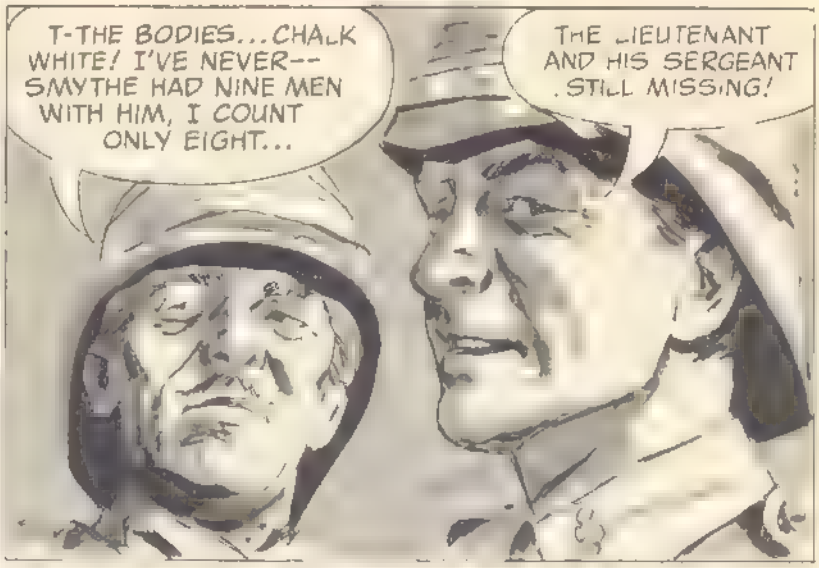
THE AFTERNOON SUN PULSED BRIGHTLY AND THE WESTERN WIND CREATED DUST DEVILS TO ACCOMPANY THE COLUMN AS IT MOVED INTO THE VILLAGE, HERALDED BY THE BEAT OF VULTURE WINGS...

NOT A SOUL! NOTHING BUT THOSE RUDDY BIRDS! AND NO SIGN OF LIEUTENANT SMYTHE OR HIS GARRISON...

WE'LL SOON KNOW FOR CERTAIN, SIR... THAT'S THEIR BARRACKS!

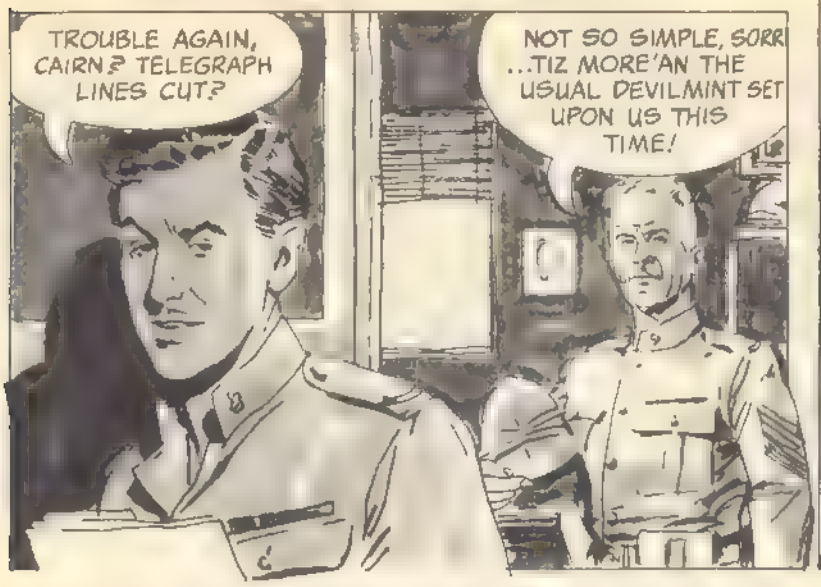


FLIES HOVERED IN THE FETID ATMOSPHERE OF THE DARKENED ROOM LIKE A VIBRATING, BUZZING FOG... BOTH MEN WINCED...



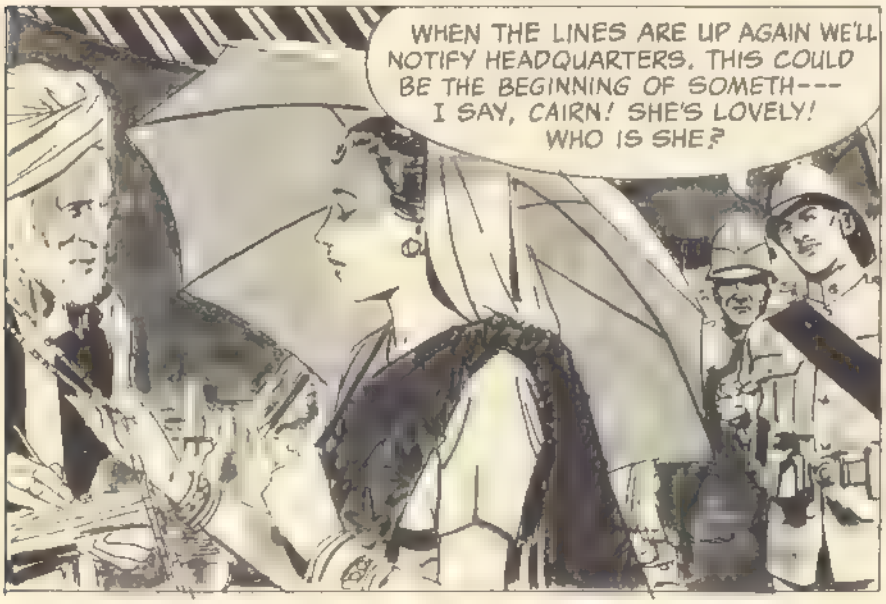
A CRY ECHOED THROUGH THE VILLAGE. THE TWO OFFICERS RUSHED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SOUND...

"SEVENTEEN YEARS, AV SARVED THE QUANE AND MANY UV HER OFFICERS TOO...THERE'S FEW UV 'EM I'D PLACE ABOVE LIEUTENANT NIGEL SMYTHE, FEW INDEED..."

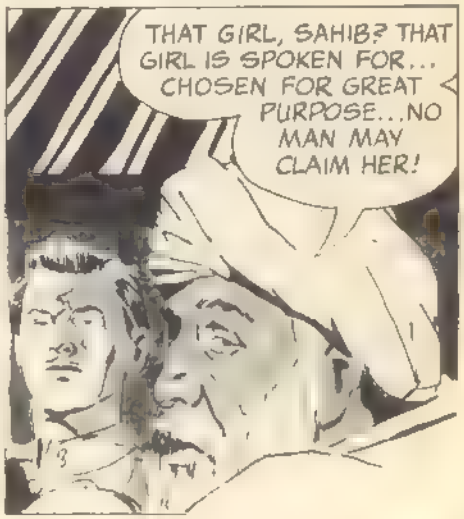


"'TWAS DEATH SET UPON US, HORRIBLE DEATH WITH MANY A VISIT YET TO COME!.."

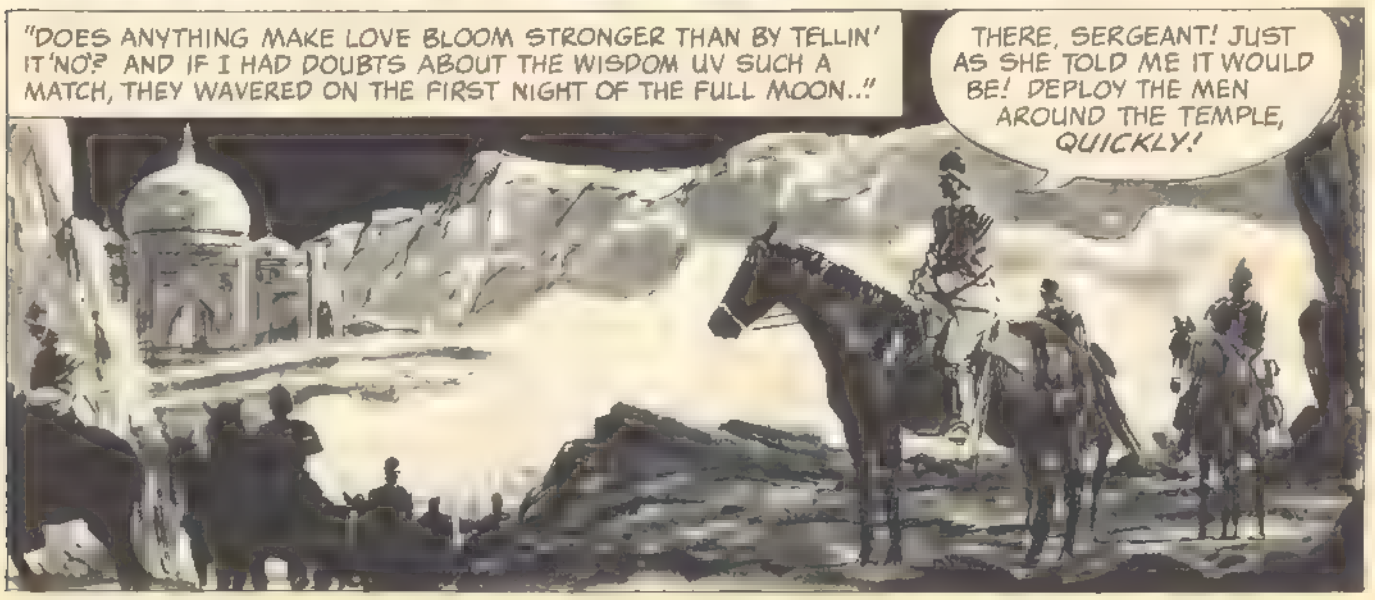
"HE WAS GOOD, WAS LIEUTENANT SMYTHE, BUT DON'T BE FORGETTIN' HE WAS YOUNG, AN' TOO LONG LONELY..."



"A WEE GLIMPSE OF DARK EYES PASSIN' ON THE STREET AN' IT WAS STARTED, AN' NOT EVEN ME WITH MY EARLY MISGIVIN'S KNEW WHERE IT'UD END..."



"DOES ANYTHING MAKE LOVE BLOOM STRONGER THAN BY TELLIN' IT 'NO'? AND IF I HAD DOUBTS ABOUT THE WISDOM UV SUCH A MATCH, THEY WAVERED ON THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON..."



"MAKE NO MISTAKE THE GIRL LOVED THE LIEUTENANT, YET SHE'D BEEN TRAINED FER A PURPOSE AN FER THAT PURPOSE SHE SUBMITTED ..."

HEAR THY CHILDREN, MOTHER KALI! PRESTESS OF DARKNESS DRINKER OF BLOOD ACCEPT THIS SACRIFICE, QUENCH YOUR THIRST ON THE BLOOD OF THIS OFFERING ..

"BUT SHE HAD TOLD LIEUTENANT SMYTHE, AND FOR HIM TO KNOW WAS ENOUGH TO SAVE HER

"THE LIEUTENANT HAD NEVER LED HIS MEN INTO A LOSING BATTLE, AND THERE IN THE TEMPLE WAS NO DIFFERENT...AND YET IT WAS!"

YOU ROB KALI OF HER BLOOD, YET STILL SHALL SHE THIRST AND STILL WILL IT BE QUENCHED! WE DIE, BUT MOTHER KALI LIVES, AND BLOOD SHALL BE HERS! YOU'LL CURSE THIS NIGHT YOU'VE STOLEN THE GIRL!

"THE LAD'S LAUGHTER RANG IN THAT OLD TEMPLE, BUT I'D BEEN IN INDIA TOO LONG FER TO JOIN HIM."

B-BUT LAST NIGHT WE DESTROYED EVERY THUG IN THE AREA...YOUR VILLAGE IS SAFE, WHY LEAVE?

THUGS DIE, BUT KALI LIVES AND SO DO HER CURSES... MY PEOPLE AND I WILL LEAVE. ABANDON THIS PLACE!

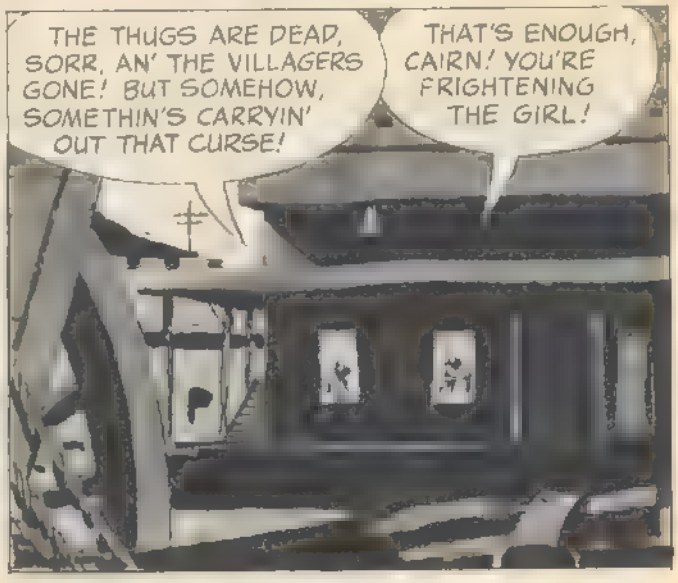
"...AND THE MORE I THOUGHT ON THE OLD GURU'S WORDS, THE LESS I TOOK TO THAT WHICH WAS HAPPENING AROUND ME..."

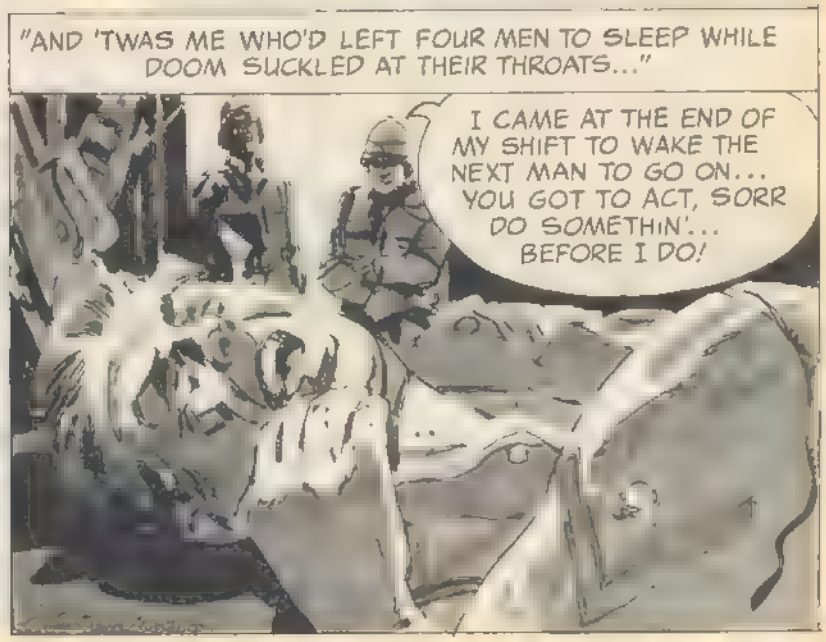
I CANNOT GO, NIGEL SAHIB... MY LOVE IS FOR YOU, MY PLACE IS WITH YOU... I MUST STAY!

AND SO YOU SHALL, DARLING, SO YOU SHALL!

"THE OLD PRIEST HAD PROMISED THE TAKING UV BLOOD AND THAT NIGHT IT HAD FLOWED..."

"WITH THE KILLINGS, THE BLINDNESS TOOK OVER COMPLETELY..."





"DON'T JUDGE HIM AS HARSHLY AS I DID. HE LOVED THE GIRL, NO MATTER WHAT ELSE HAPPENED, HE DIDN'T WAVER NONE IN THAT..."

LIEUTENANT, DON'T YOU SEE? UNTIL YOU CARRIED THAT GIRL OFF FROM THE TEMPLE, NONE OF THIS HAPPENED! THE CURSE!..

I SEE SUPERSTITIOUS DRIVEL, AND I SEE I CAN'T TRUST YOU ANY LONGER...

THEN DO WITHOUT ME! WITH WIRES STILL DOWN, SOMEONE SHOULD TRY TO REACH HEADQUARTERS AND GET THE RELIEF COLUMN HERE EARLY...I VOLUNTEER, *SORR!*

"OF COURSE I NEVER GOT SO FAR...THOUGHTS KEPT FILLIN' MY MIND. I THOUGHT OF A GENT FROM HUNGARY I'D ONCE MET...AN' THE THINGS THEY DO THERE TO WARD OFF EVIL CREATURES OF THE NIGHT."

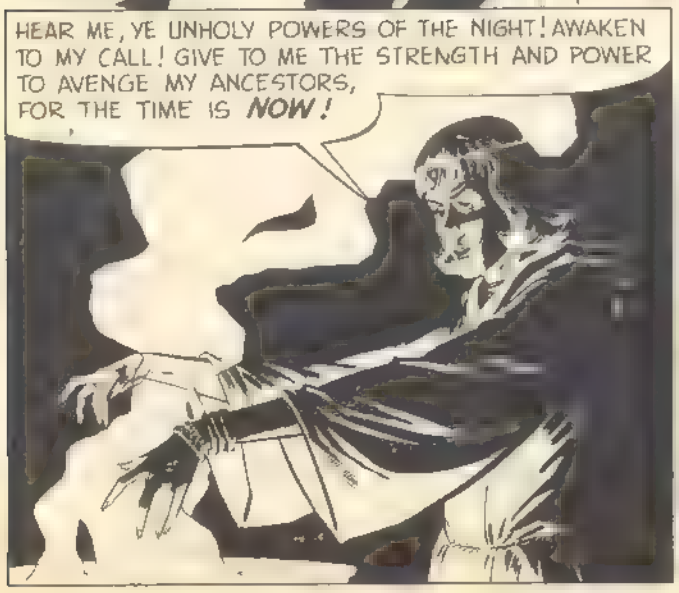
"MAYBE FOR SOMETHIN' LIKE THE LIKES OF THIS THING, IT WASN'T NECESSARY. YET AS I WAITED FOR THE SUN TO SINK, IT SEEMED IT WOULDN'T HURT TO BE CERTAIN..."

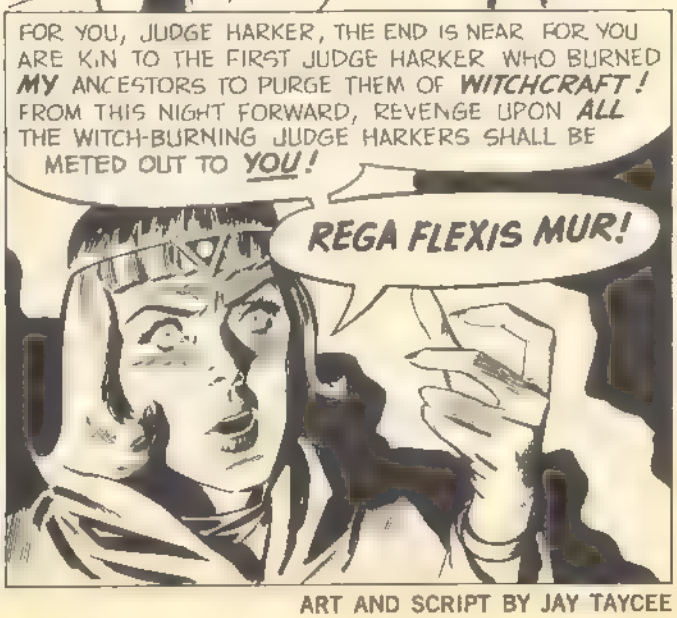
"FIRST IT GREW DARK, THEN FINALLY THE MOON APPEARED. IN THAT TIME MY FEROCIOUS ANGER COOLED AND I BEGAN HOPING I'D SEE NOTHIN'...AND JUST WHEN I WAS HOPIN' THE HARDEST, I SAW HER MOVIN' TO THE LIEUTENANT'S ROOM..."

"I'VE HEARD IT SAID THAT IN THE HEAT UV BATTLE, MEN GO MAD. AV BEEN IN MANY A CAMPAIGN AN' WOULD STILL DENY IT, BUT NOT AFTER I BURST INTO THE BLACKNESS OF THAT ROOM!"
KER-RASH!
"WHAT I SAW WAS HORRIBLE... BUT NOT HORRIBLE ENOUGH TO STOP ME AS I THRUST THE STAKE HOME!"
YOU'VE HEARD IT NOW, SORRS...'TIZ ALL THE PREPARIN' I CAN DO. BEST NOW TO SEE FER YOURSELVES...
GOOD LORD!
B-BUT, CAIRN...
REMEMBER, I SAID THE GIRL LOVED HIM...THAT'S WHY SHE CAME TO HIS ROOM! I LIKE TO THINK THAT DEEP DOWN, HE REALLY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WUZ GOIN' ON...
...THAT HE NEVER KNEW THE GURU'S CURSE WAS ON HIM, THAT HE NEVER KNEW AT NIGHT HE WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A BLOOD-DRINKING MONSTER!
SMYTHE MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN A FULL-FLEDGED VAMPIRE, BUT HE CERTAINLY WAS DEVELOPING A TASTE FOR HIS WORK, UNTIL HE FOUND OUT HOW MUCH WAS AT STAKE. SINCE THE POINT'S BEEN DRIVEN HOME, YOU MIGHT AS WELL GO ON TO MY NEXT FRIGHT FEAST...

SO WE MEET AGAIN! HEE HEE HEE! I KNEW YOU COULDN'T KEEP FROM JOINING ME IN ANOTHER ***MONSTROUS MESS OF MURDEROUS MAYHEM!*** THE ***COMPULSION FOR REVULSION*** IS MUCH TOO STRONG FOR US TO BE ABLE TO IGNORE THE CALL FROM THE WORLD OF DARKNESS! SO ON THIS, ER, RATHER DREARY OCCASION, ALLOW ME TO PRESENT A ***WOEFUL TALE OF WITCHCRAFT,*** A SUBJECT THAT SOME CALL FACT, AND SOME CALL FANCY, BUT...HEE HEE... PERHAPS I SHOULD LET ***YOU*** BE THE ***JUDGE!***

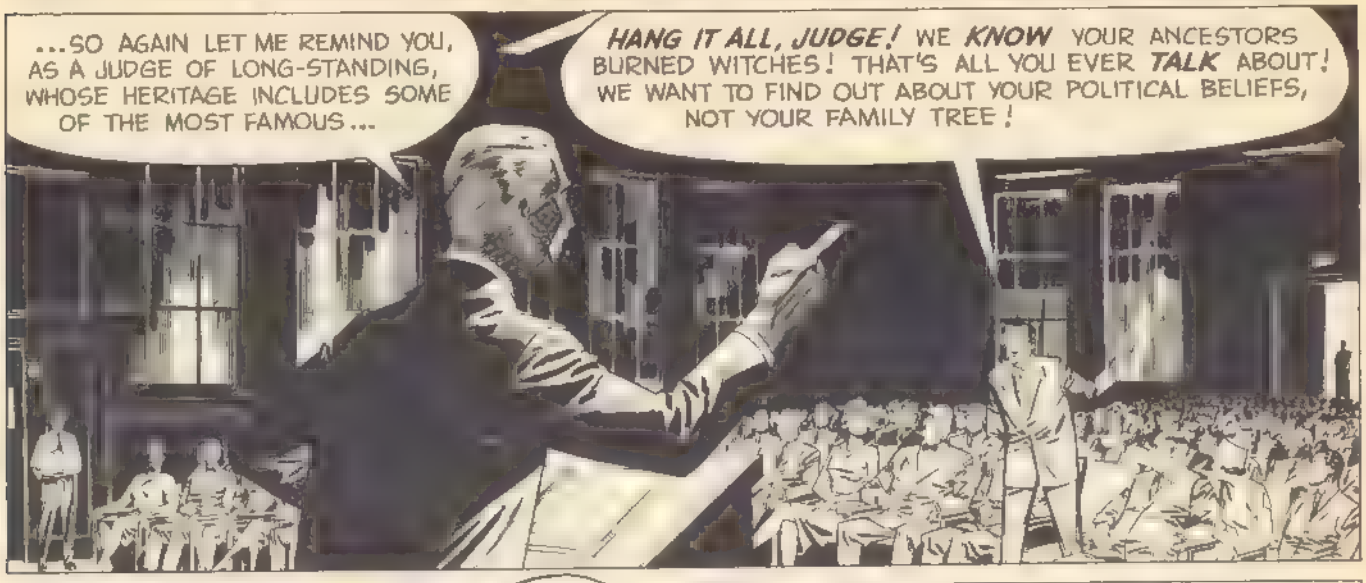
TRIAL BY FIRE!

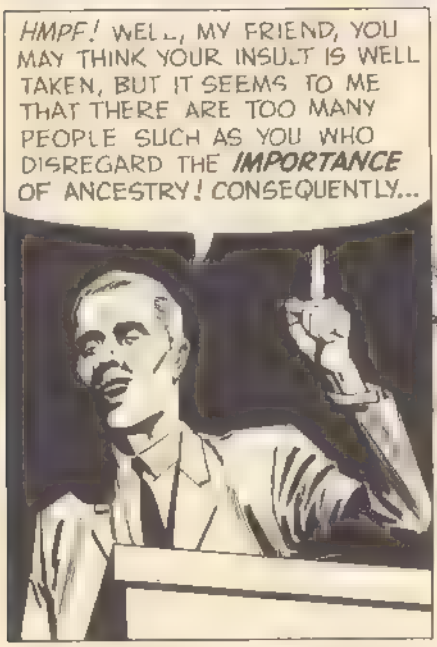


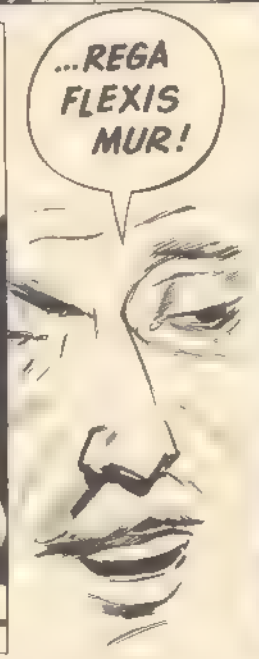


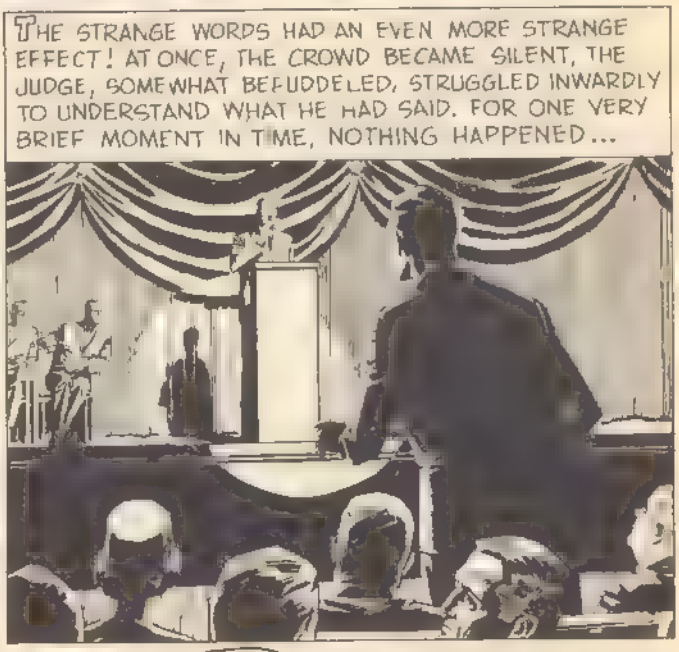
ART AND SCRIPT BY JAY TAYCEE

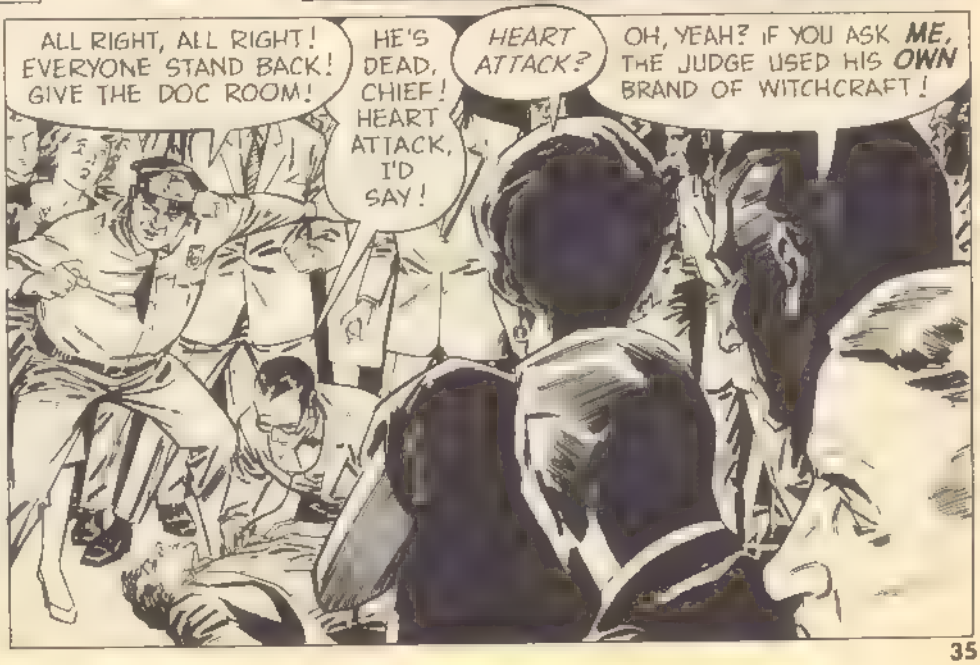
THE SCENE IS A SMALL NEW ENGLAND TOWN. THE TIME IS THE PRESENT. JUDGE ALFRED HARKER IS IN THE MIDST OF A TIGHTLY CONTESTED POLITICAL CAMPAIGN, AND THIS NIGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF HIS DOWNFALL.

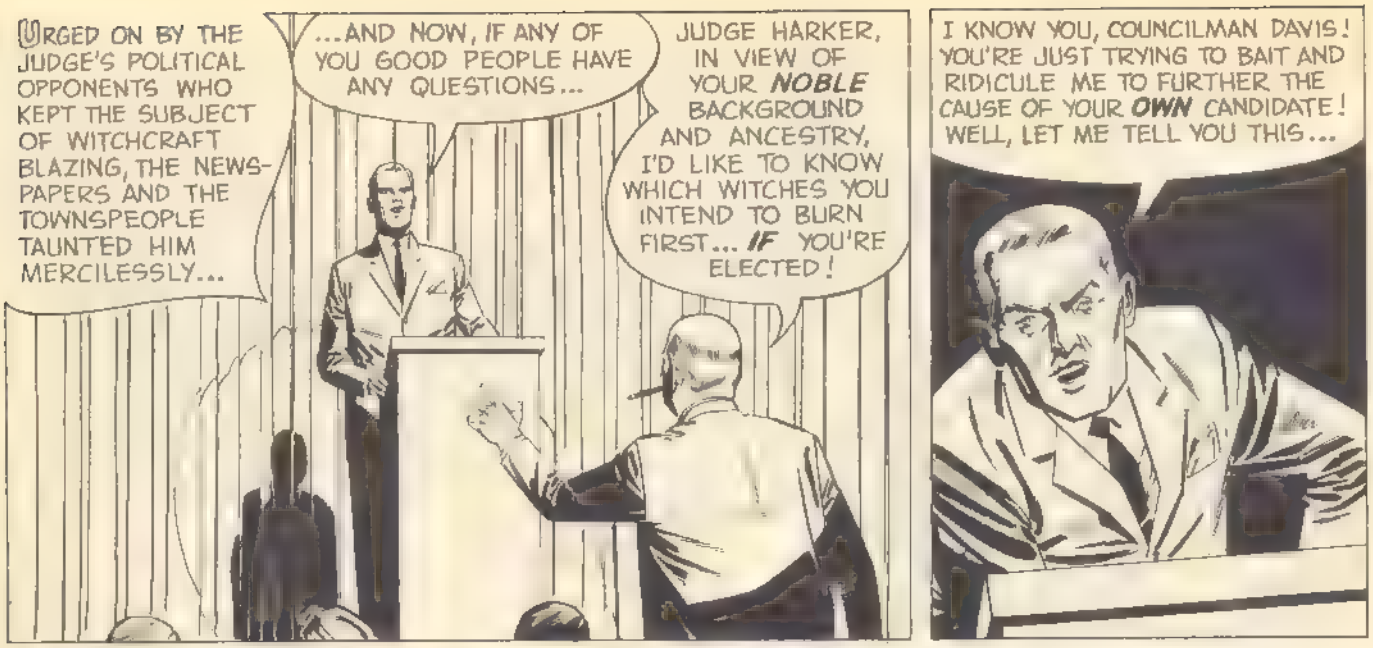


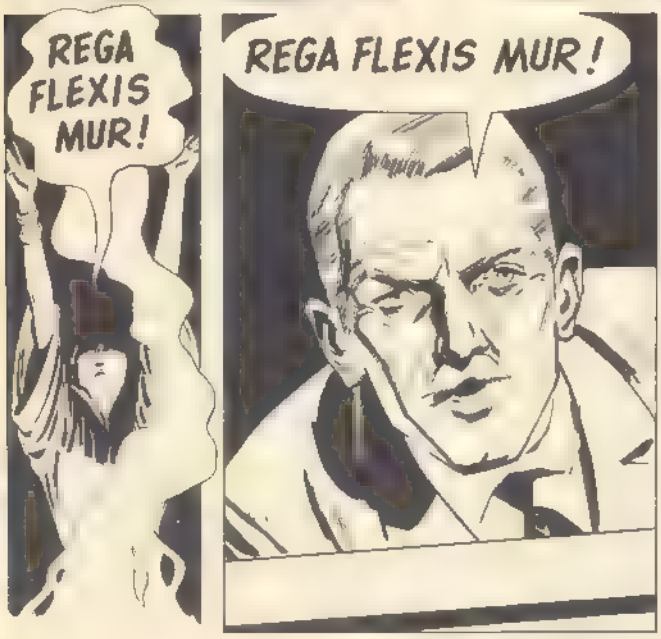




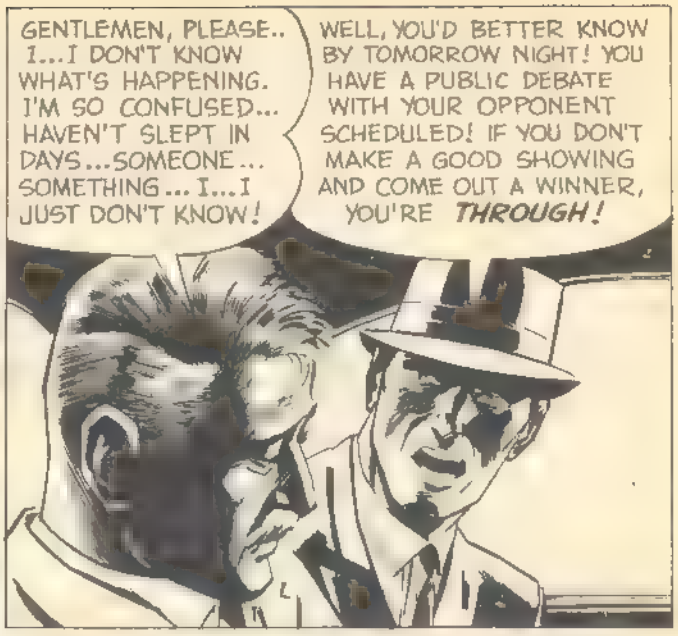




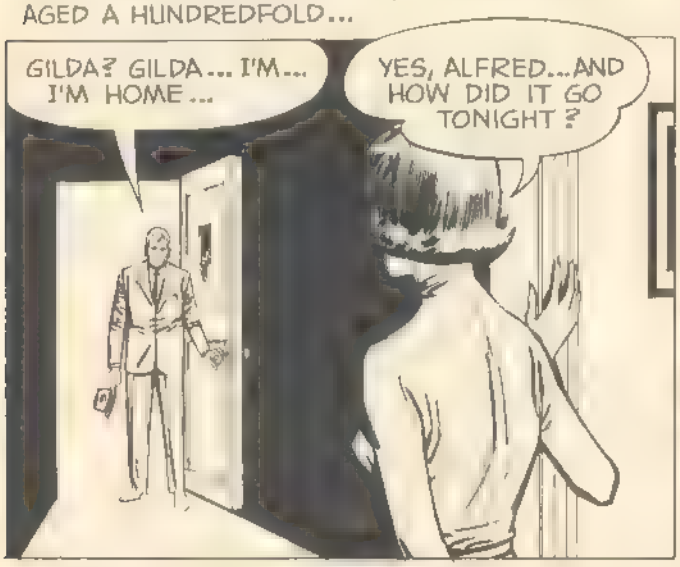




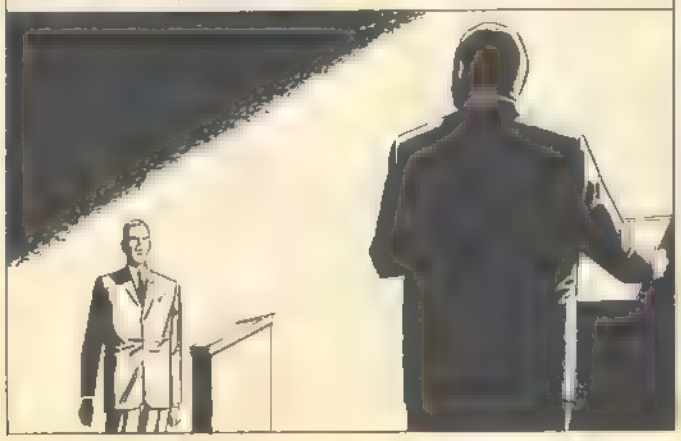
JUDGE HARKER WAS UNABLE TO BELIEVE HIS OWN EARS! HE HAD HAD NO INTENTION OF MOUTHING THOSE RIDICULOUS WORDS, YET HE HAD DONE SO, AND EVERYONE HAD HEARD. COUNCILMAN DAVIS STAGGERED... AND FELL!



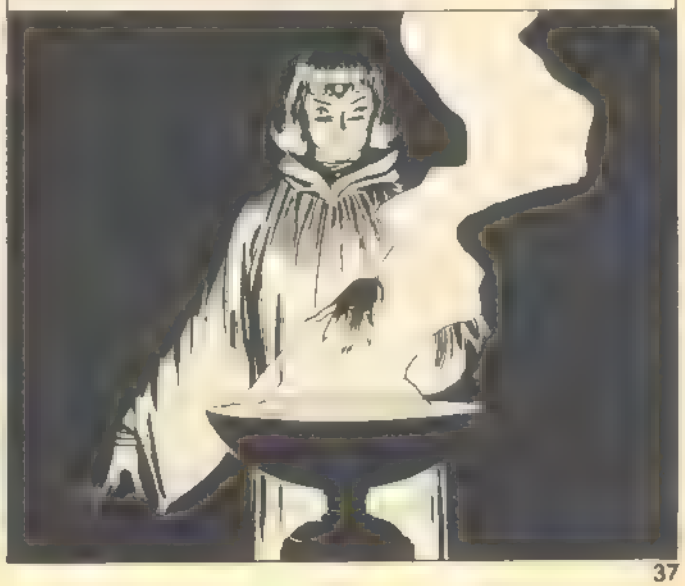
THE CAR DEPOSITED JUDGE HARKER BEFORE HIS HOME AND DROVE OFF. AS HE CLIMBED THE STEPS TO THE FRONT DOOR, HE FELT HE HAD AGED A HUNDREDFOLD...



WEARILY, THE JUDGE RETIRED TO BED WHERE HE SLEPT FITFULLY. DURING THE FOLLOWING DAY HE SPENT EVERY MINUTE IN FEVERISH PREPARATION, AND WHEN, THAT EVENING, HE STRODE UPON THE PLATFORM TO FACE HIS OPPONENT, HE FELT READY... EVEN THOUGH HIS HAND TREMBLED...



...AND IN THE BASEMENT OF HIS HOME, HIS WIFE GILDA WAS ALSO READY...

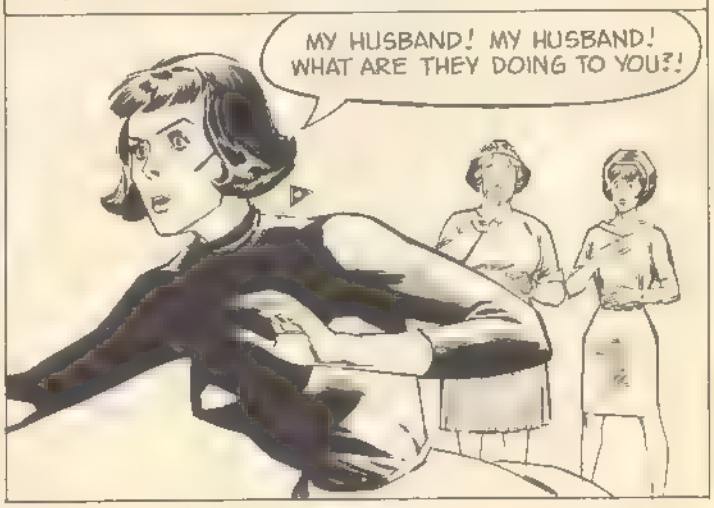


THE DEBATE STARTED PEACEFULLY ENOUGH, BUT SOON GREW IN INTENSITY, FOR THE JUDGE KNEW HOW MUCH DEPENDED ON THE OUTCOME. HIS OPPONENT KNEW THAT HE, TOO, WAS ON THE VERGE OF SUCCESS. IF HE COULD MAKE THE JUDGE COMMIT ONE MISTAKE...

THE MOMENT THE WORDS SPRANG FROM HIS LIPS, THE JUDGE KNEW ALL WAS LOST. HE STAGGERED BACKWARD...THE CROWD WAS SUDDENLY RAISED TO FEVER PITCH... AND THE JUDGE'S OPPONENT FELL **DEAD!**

NOT FAR AWAY, THE JUDGE'S WIFE HURRIED TO THE FRONT DOOR TO ANSWER A FRANTIC KNOCKING...

DEEP IN THE BLACKNESS OF HER HEART, GILDA HARKER KNEW THAT HER REVENGE WAS ALMOST COMPLETE! SHE WANTED VERY MUCH TO SEE THE JUDGE BURN...TO SEE THE FINAL ACT... AND PRETENDING CONCERN FOR HIM, SHE RUSHED TOWARD THE SQUARE...

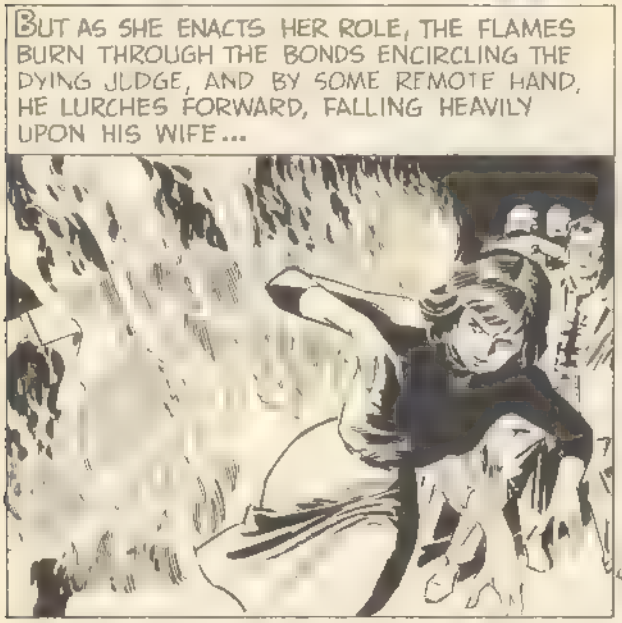


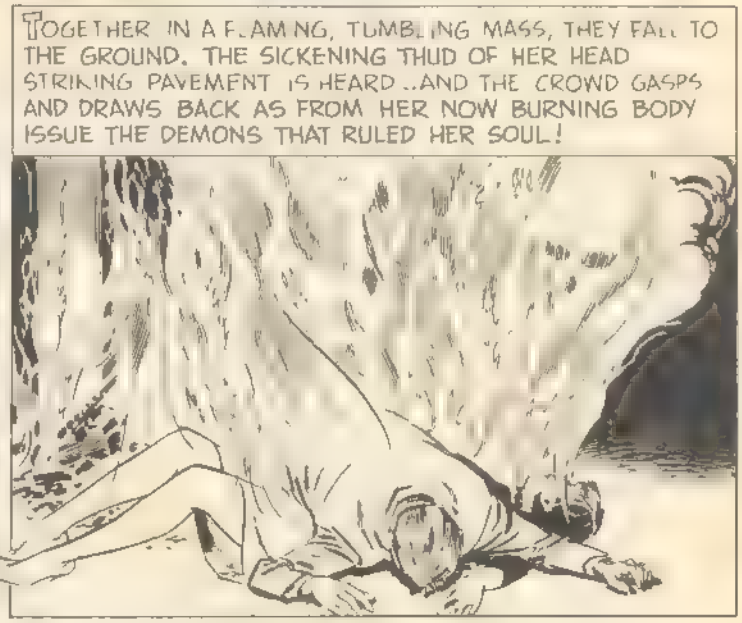
IN THE SQUARE, THE MOB SURGED UNCONTROLLED! THE JUDGE IS ROUGHLY THROWN UP AGAINST A PILLAR... CORDS WRAPPED HURRIEDLY AROUND HIM...

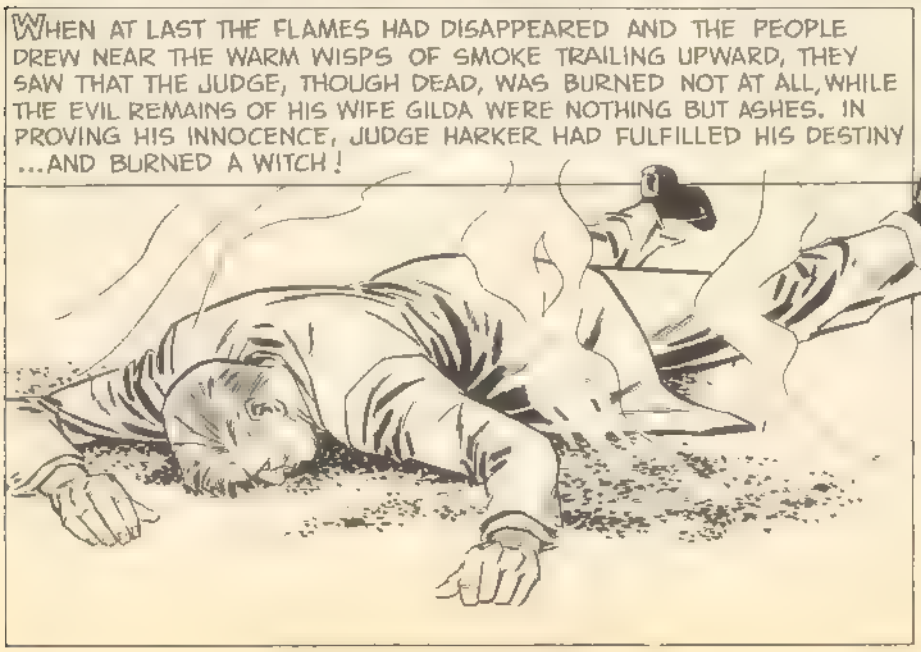
WOOD, GARBAGE, CLOTHING... ANYTHING THAT WILL BURN IS THROWN AT HIS FEET! HIS PLEAS GO UNHEARD, HIS PRAYERS UNANSWERED. THEN, THE KEROSENE...

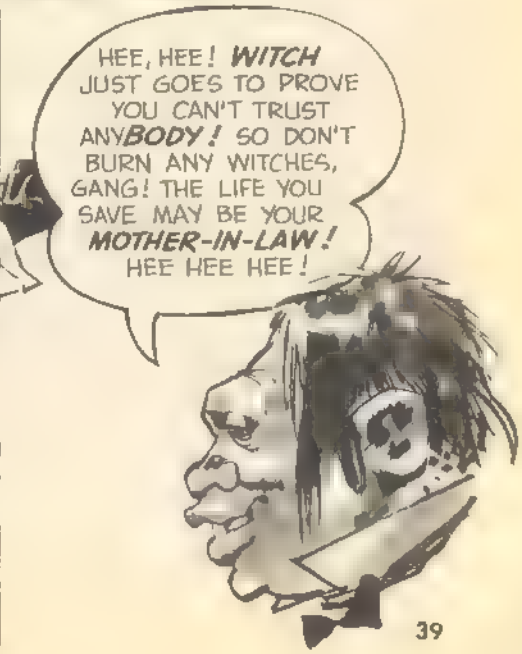
...AND THE MATCH!
LET ME THROUGH! LET ME THROUGH!

GILDA HARKER BURST INTO THE FOREFRONT OF THE CROWD AND GAZED WITH GLOATING SATISFACTION AT THE PYRE... BUT TO HER AUDIENCE SHE PRESENTED A DIFFERENT EMOTION...
STOP! YOU FIENDS! HELP HIM! DON'T LET HIM DIE! HELP HIM!


BUT AS SHE ENACTS HER ROLE, THE FLAMES BURN THROUGH THE BONDS ENCIRCLING THE DYING JUDGE, AND BY SOME REMOTE HAND, HE LURCHES FORWARD, FALLING HEAVILY UPON HIS WIFE...


TOGETHER IN A FLAMING, TUMBLING MASS, THEY FALL TO THE GROUND. THE SICKENING THUD OF HER HEAD STRIKING PAVEMENT IS HEARD...AND THE CROWD GASPS AND DRAWS BACK AS FROM HER NOW BURNING BODY ISSUE THE DEMONS THAT RULED HER SOUL!


WHEN AT LAST THE FLAMES HAD DISAPPEARED AND THE PEOPLE DREW NEAR THE WARM WISPS OF SMOKE TRAILING UPWARD, THEY SAW THAT THE JUDGE, THOUGH DEAD, WAS BURNED NOT AT ALL, WHILE THE EVIL REMAINS OF HIS WIFE GILDA WERE NOTHING BUT ASHES. IN PROVING HIS INNOCENCE, JUDGE HARKER HAD FULFILLED HIS DESTINY ...AND BURNED A WITCH!


HEE, HEE! WITCH JUST GOES TO PROVE YOU CAN'T TRUST ANYBODY! SO DON'T BURN ANY WITCHES, GANG! THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW! HEE HEE HEE!

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Collector's Edition #1

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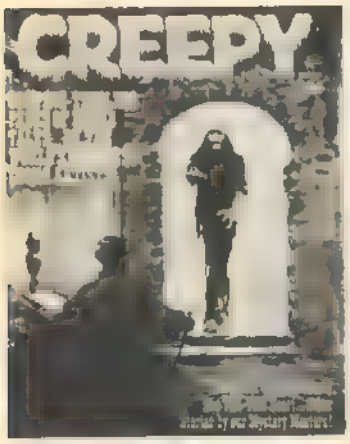


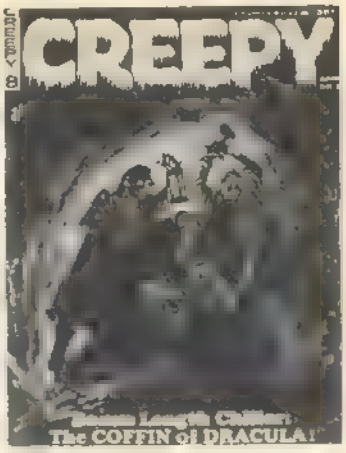
Thrilling Issue #3

Fantastic Issue #4

Fiendish Issue #5

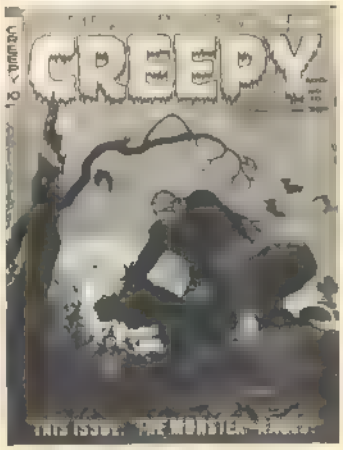
Shocking Issue #6

Screaming Issue #7



Jolting Issue #8

Numbing Issue #9



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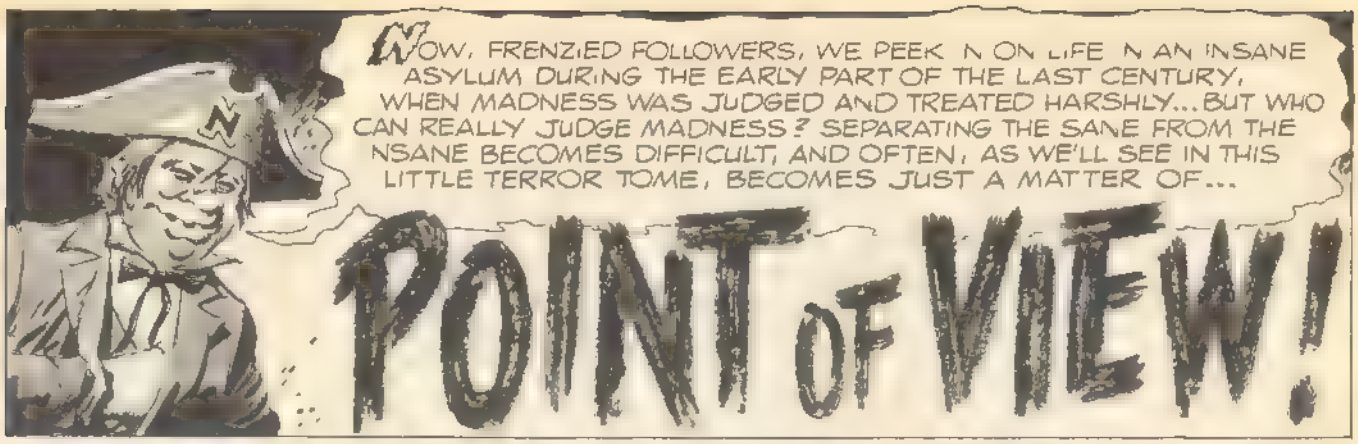
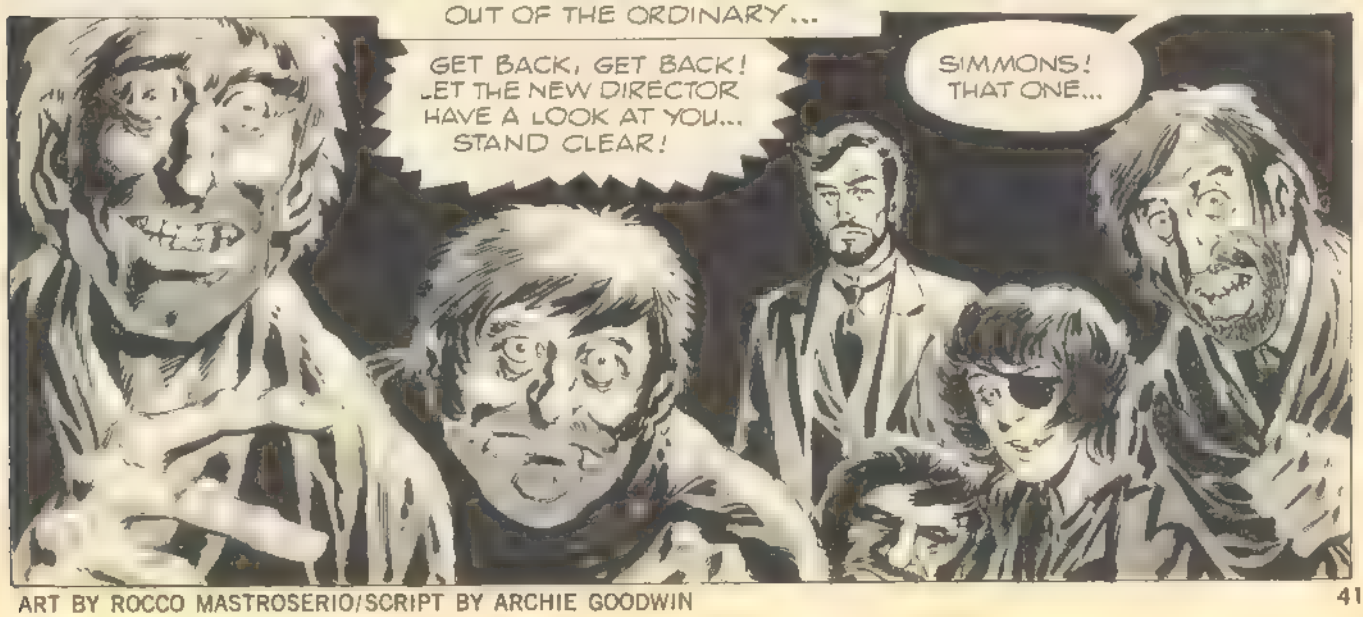
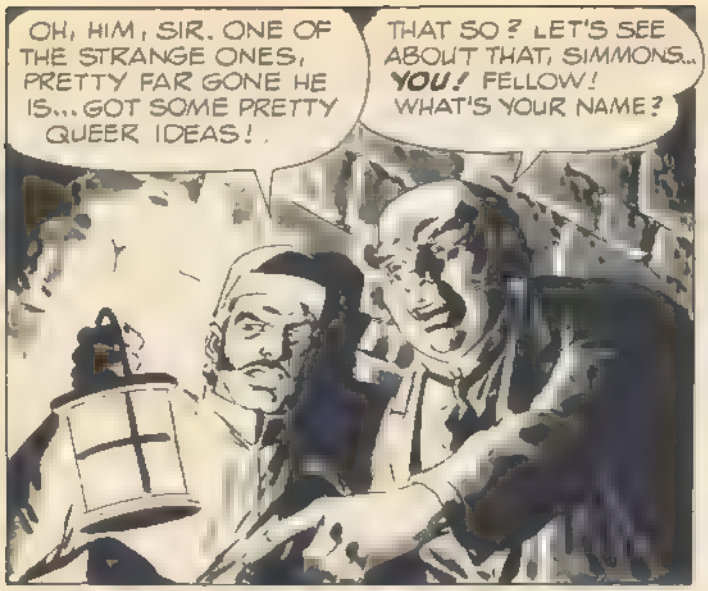


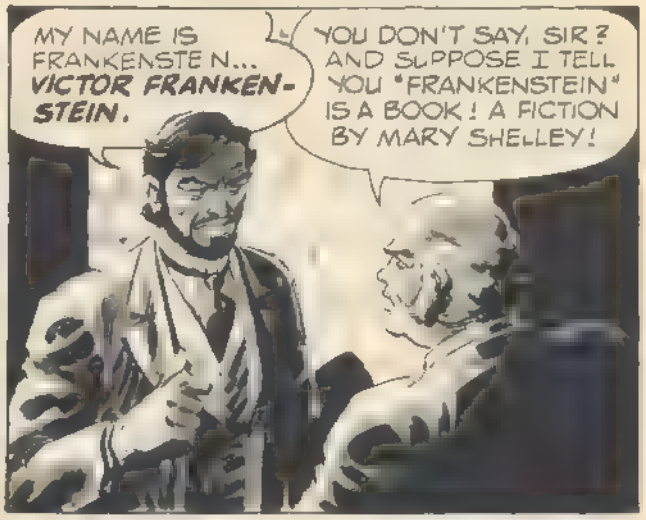
THE GUARD PRODS AND STRIKES WITH HIS BIRCH ROD AT THE BABBLING RABBLE, CLEARING A PATH FOR YOU. THE SQUALOR IS BORING AND YOUR EYES SEARCH FOR SOMETHING AMUSING, OUT OF THE ORDINARY...



ART BY ROCCO MASTROSERIO/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN



HIS VOICE IS CALM AND STEADY, BUT WITH A TRACE OF SADNESS IN HIS MANNER, AS THOUGH BEING A MADMAN WEREN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM...



YOUR APPOINTMENT AS ASYLUM DIRECTOR WAS POLITICAL, MEANT TO BE A SOFT BERTH, NOTHING MORE. YOU'RE DELIGHTED TO FIND IT CAN PROVIDE AMUSEMENT...

BASED ON MY LIFE AND EXPERIENCES.

OH, REALLY, MR. FRANKENSTEIN! I'M SURPRISED A REKNOWNED MAKER OF MONSTERS LIKE YOUR-SELF IDLES HIS TIME AWAY HERE... HAVE YOU NO CREATIONS ON HAND?

OF COURSE. MY LATEST EXPERIMENT IS RIGHT OVER THERE...

WHAT TH...

WATCH IT, SIR; THIS ONE'S A KILLER... REGULAR ANIMAL!

ARRGHHHHH

LORD... WHAT A BRUTE!

YOU STARE AT THE MASSIVE FRIGHTENING HULK, REFUSING TO CONSIDER IT AS A MAN, HATING IT FOR THE FEAR IT MAKES YOU FEEL...

LOOK AT THAT! THE MINDLESS WRETCH IS GLARING AT ME... ***ME!***

SO, MR. FRANKENSTEIN, YOUR CREATION IS RATHER A FAILURE... A LONG WAY FROM BEING HUMAN! HEE, HEE...

YES, I'VE BEEN STUDYING THE PROBLEM. IT'S THE BRAIN. I MUST OPERATE SOON. GIVE HIM A NEW MIND...

DECISIVELY, YOU WRENCH THE PUNISHMENT ROD FROM THE HANDS OF THE GUARD AND LASH OUT AT THE CHAINED FORM...

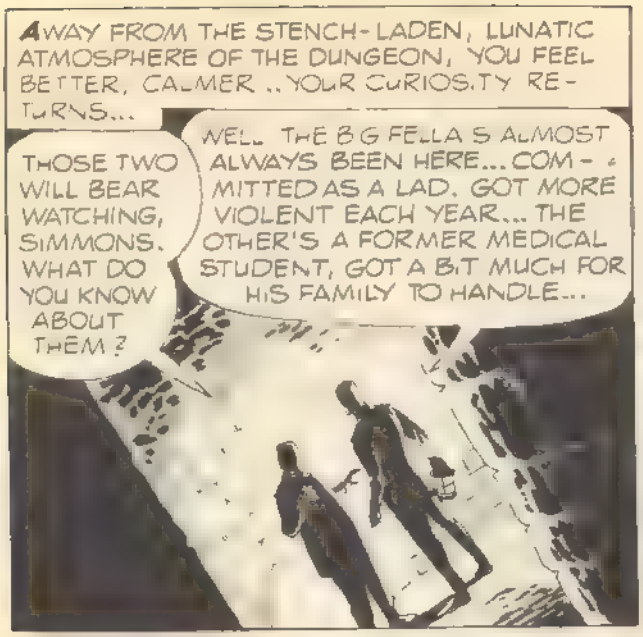
AWRRRR!

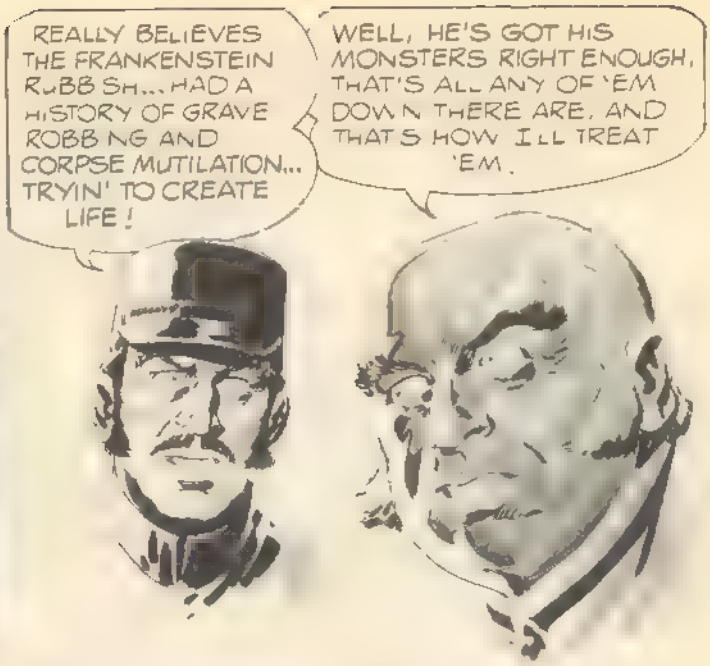
THERE! TEACH YOU TO STARE AT YOUR BETTERS!

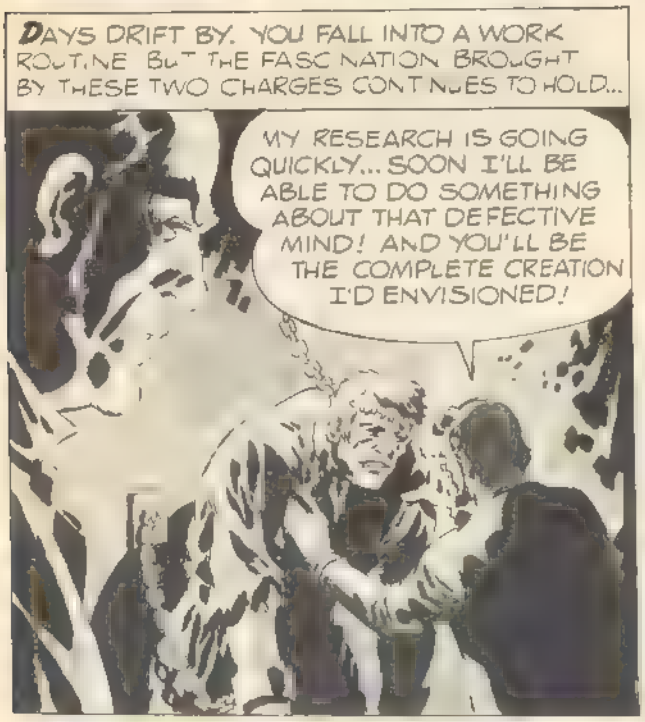
YOU GROW TIRED OF THE GAME... HUMORING A MADMAN IS TEDIOUS AND BORING...

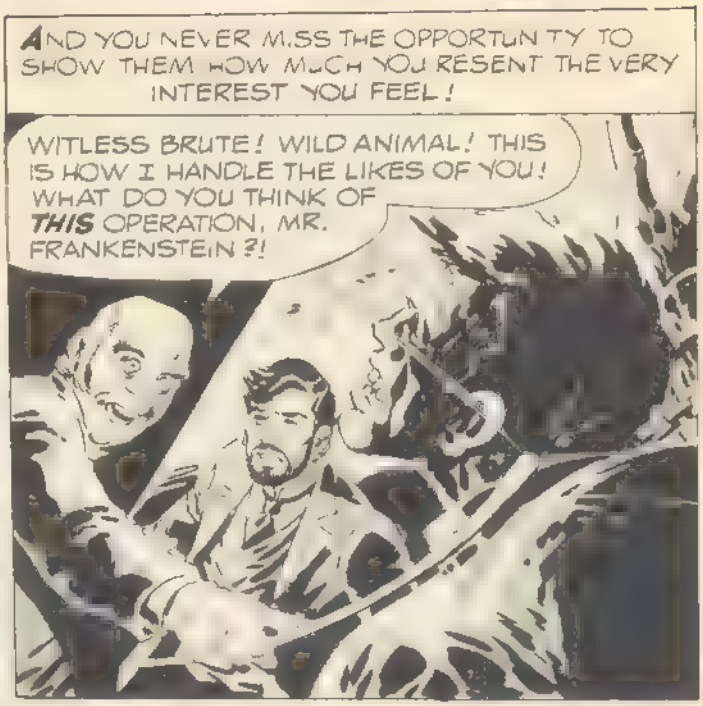
SHUT UP, YOU FOOL! I TIRED OF YOUR LUNATIC RAVINGS: YOU'RE NOT FRANKENSTEIN... YOU'RE NOTHING! AN ADDLE-MINDED NOTHING!

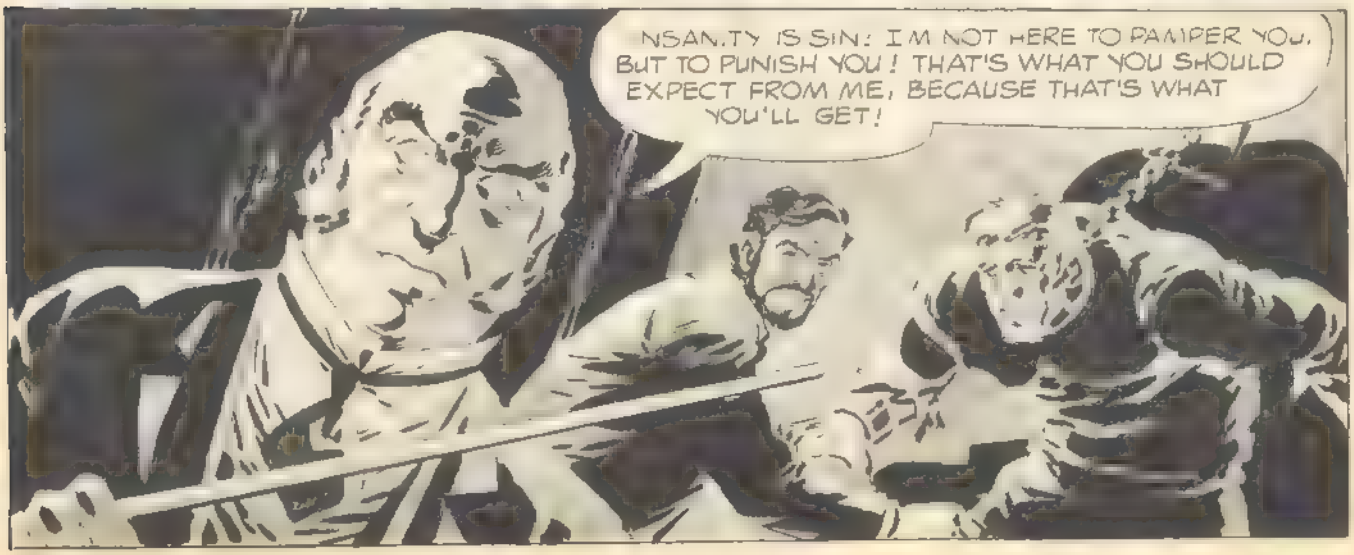
REMEMBER THIS ALL OF YOU! I WON'T INDULGE YOUR MAD FANCIES... THE QUICKER YOU REALIZE YOU'RE MINDLESS VERMIN THE BETTER YOUR LOT WILL BE!

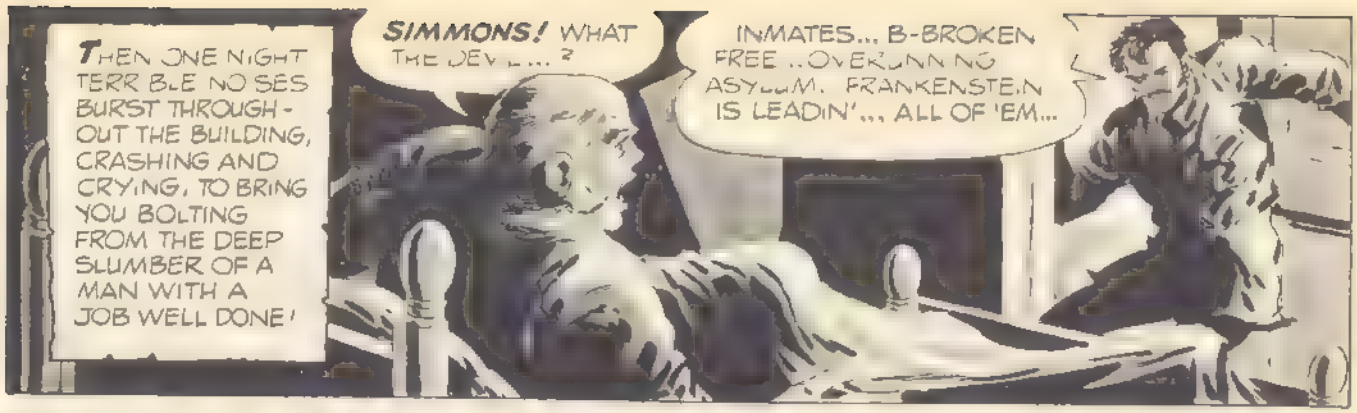

AWAY FROM THE STENCH-LADEN, LUNATIC ATMOSPHERE OF THE DUNGEON, YOU FEEL BETTER, CALMER .. YOUR CURIOSITY RETURNS...
THOSE TWO WILL BEAR WATCHING, SIMMONS. WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THEM?
WELL THE BIG FELLA'S ALMOST ALWAYS BEEN HERE... COMMITTED AS A LAD. GOT MORE VIOLENT EACH YEAR... THE OTHER'S A FORMER MEDICAL STUDENT, GOT A BIT MUCH FOR HIS FAMILY TO HANDLE...


REALLY BELIEVES THE FRANKENSTEIN RUBBISH... HAD A HISTORY OF GRAVE ROBBING AND CORPSE MUTILATION... TRYIN' TO CREATE LIFE!
WELL, HE'S GOT HIS MONSTERS RIGHT ENOUGH, THAT'S ALL ANY OF 'EM DOWN THERE ARE, AND THAT'S HOW I'LL TREAT 'EM.


DAYS DRIFT BY. YOU FALL INTO A WORK ROUTINE BUT THE FASCINATION BROUGHT BY THESE TWO CHARGES CONTINUES TO HOLD...
MY RESEARCH IS GOING QUICKLY... SOON I'LL BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT DEFECTIVE MIND! AND YOU'LL BE THE COMPLETE CREATION I'D ENVISIONED!

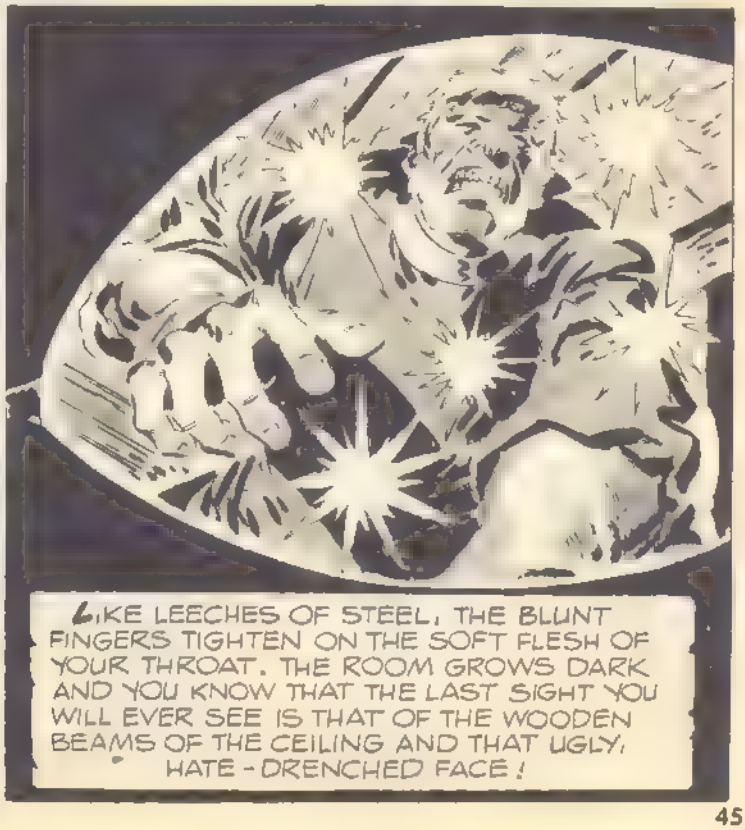

AND YOU NEVER MISS THE OPPORTUNITY TO SHOW THEM HOW MUCH YOU RESENT THE VERY INTEREST YOU FEEL!
WITLESS BRUTE! WILD ANIMAL! THIS IS HOW I HANDLE THE LIKES OF YOU! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS OPERATION, MR. FRANKENSTEIN?!

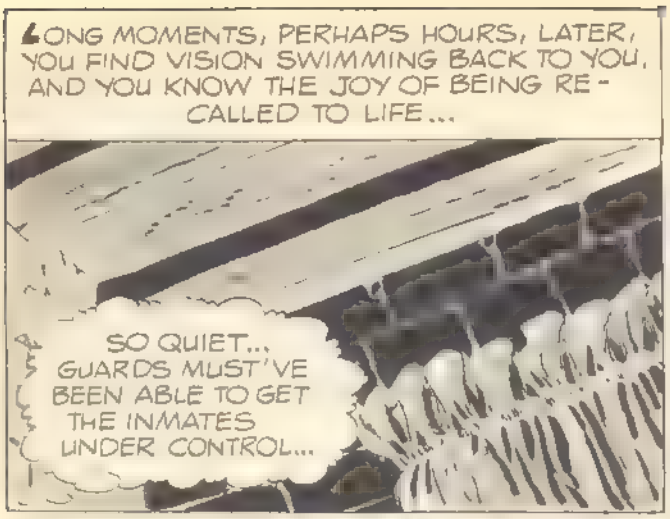

INSANITY IS SIN: I'M NOT HERE TO PAMPER YOU, BUT TO PUNISH YOU! THAT'S WHAT YOU SHOULD EXPECT FROM ME, BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL GET!

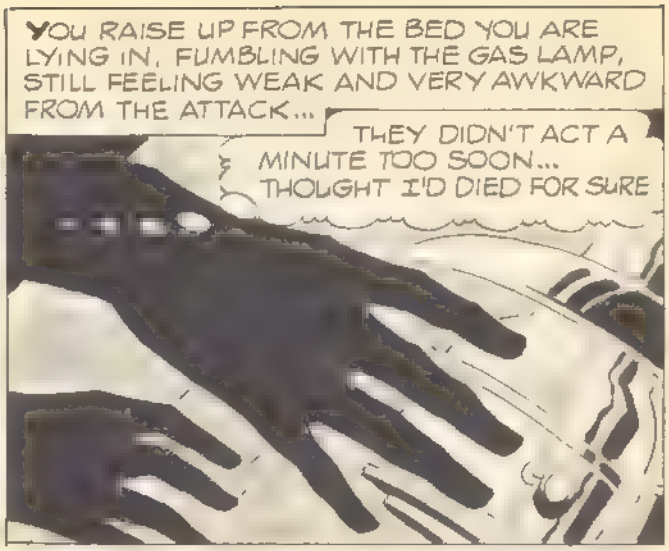


YOU BEND OVER THE NOW STILL FORM, WANTING IT TO BE ALIVE SO YOU WON'T BE ALONE OUTSIDE, THE HALLWAY VIBRATES WITH WILD NOISES...

WITH THE SAVAGE CRY OF A VENGEFUL ANIMAL, THE UNCHAINED MANIAC LUNGES TOWARD YOU, RAW HATRED UNLEASHED!

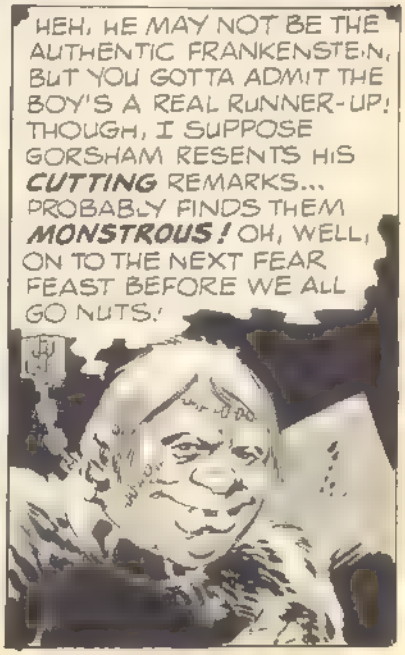



LONG MOMENTS, PERHAPS HOURS, LATER, YOU FIND VISION SWIMMING BACK TO YOU, AND YOU KNOW THE JOY OF BEING RE-CALLED TO LIFE...
SO QUIET... GUARDS MUST'VE BEEN ABLE TO GET THE INMATES UNDER CONTROL...


YOU RAISE UP FROM THE BED YOU ARE LYING IN, FUMBLING WITH THE GAS LAMP, STILL FEELING WEAK AND VERY AWKWARD FROM THE ATTACK...
THEY DIDN'T ACT A MINUTE TOO SOON... THOUGHT I'D DIED FOR SURE

LIGHT FROM THE LAMP SUDDENLY FLOODS THE ROOM AND YOUR EYES DART TO THE DRESSER MIRROR YOU ARE FACING... AND THE TRUTH ABOUT WHY YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!
EEEAAAAAAAHH!

YOU ARE STILL SCREAMING WHEN THE SOUND OF RUSHING FOOTSTEPS HURTLE INTO YOUR ROOM...
SEE! I DID IT! FROM NOW ON YOU'LL BELIEVE IT WHENEVER VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN TELLS YOU ABOUT AN OPERATION! GOOD THING YOU DIED WHEN YOU DID, I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'D HAVE GOTTEN ANOTHER BRAIN!
GWAHHHHH


HEH, HE MAY NOT BE THE AUTHENTIC FRANKENSTEIN, BUT YOU GOTTA ADMIT THE BOY'S A REAL RUNNER-UP! THOUGH, I SUPPOSE GORSHAM RESENTS HIS CUTTING REMARKS... PROBABLY FINDS THEM MONSTROUS! OH, WELL, ON TO THE NEXT FEAR FEAST BEFORE WE ALL GO NUTS!

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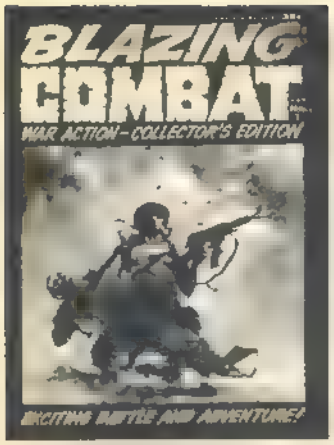

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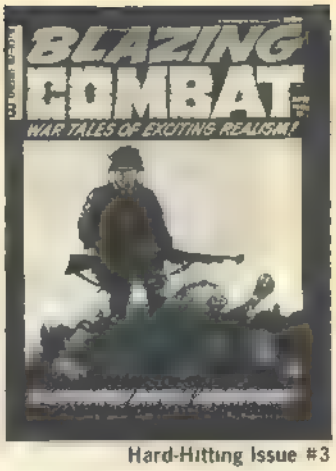

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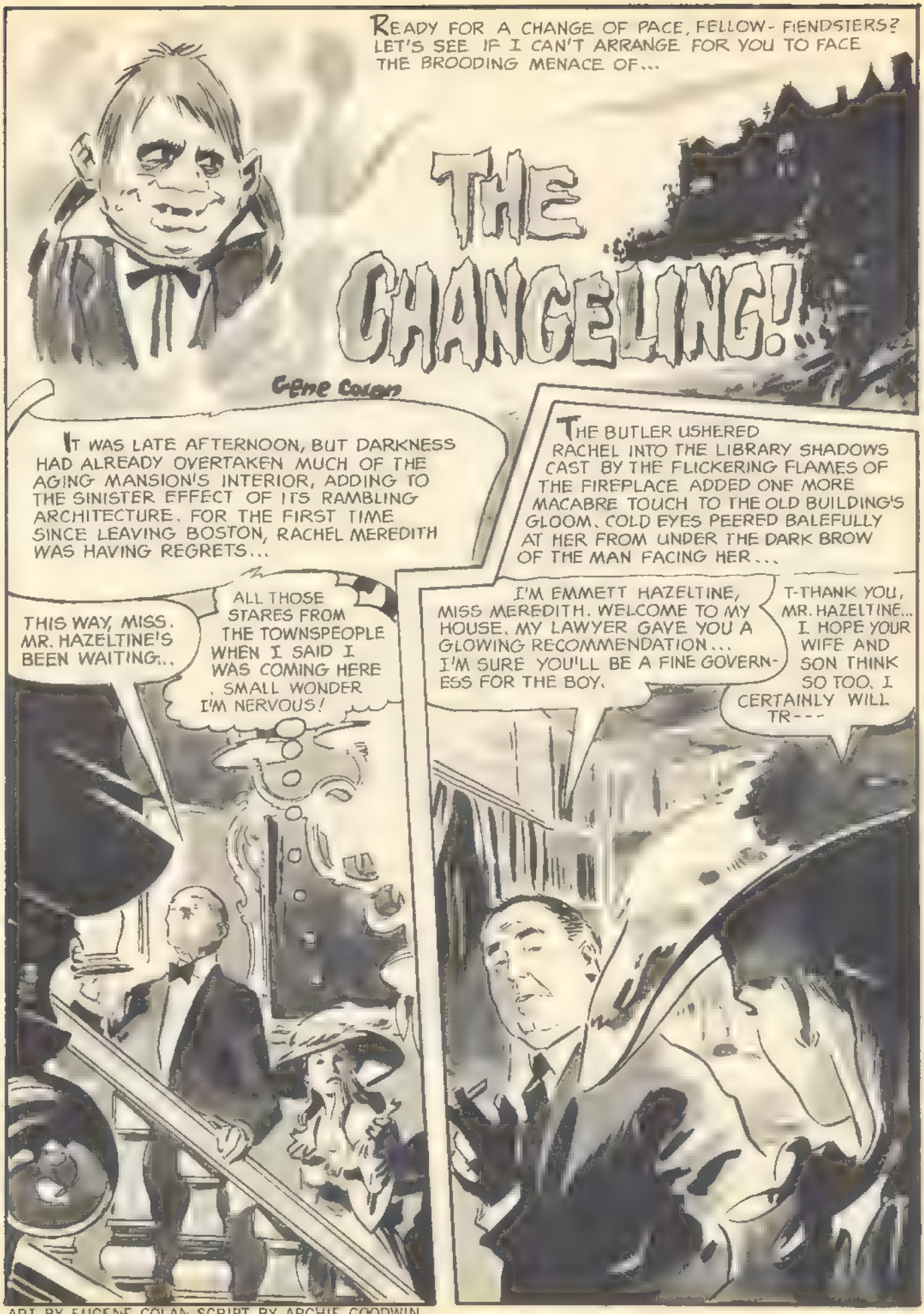

ART BY EUGENE COLAN SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

EMMETT HAZELTINE'S FACE GREW DARKER...
NO ONE TOLD YOU? MY WIFE'S BEEN IN AN ASYLUM SINCE JUST AFTER GIVING BIRTH...INCURABLY INSANE! WHAT THE BOY THINKS DOESN'T MATTER!
I'M SORRY... I-I DIDN'T KNOW...BUT IT'S IMPORTANT THAT THE CHILD AND I GET ALONG, OR ELSE...
THAT'S BETWEEN YOU AND HIM! MY WORK HERE IN THE LIBRARY DEMANDS ALL MY TIME... IT'S ESSENTIAL! HANDLE THE BOY AS YOU WILL!
THIS TIME OF DAY, HE'S USUALLY IN THE GARDEN... BY THE POND. LATHROP WILL SHOW YOU THE WAY!
HAZELTINE FACED HIS BOOK SHELVES SHUTTING RACHEL OUT WITHOUT CHANCE OF REPLY. THE BUTLER APPEARED AND LEAD HER TO THE BACK OF THE HOUSE, OUTSIDE INTO THE FADING SUNLIGHT...
MASTER DONALD! MASTER DONALD, I'VE BROUGHT MISS MEREDITH, YOUR NEW GOVERNESS...
WHAT'S BEHIND YOUR BACK? WHAT ARE YOU HIDING?
NOTHING, LATHROP...
RACHEL FELT HERSELF AT ONCE IMPRESSED AND REPELLED BY THE BOY. NEAT AND HANDSOME, YET SOMEHOW DISTANT AND REMOVED, HIS DELICATE FEATURED FACE AN IMMOBILE MASK. AS THEY APPROACHED, DONALD BROUGHT HIS HAND OUT FROM BEHIND HIS BACK...
...NOTHING BUT THIS!
DEAR LORD! IT SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN KILLED BY SOME KIND OF... A-ANIMAL!

FLUSHED WITH ANGER, THE BUTLER SPRANG FORWARD SENDING THE MUTILATED CARCASS FLYING FROM THE CHILD'S GRIP...

YOU LITTLE MONSTER! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR TRICKS! TIME YOU LEARNED A LESSON...

NO, MR. LATHROP!

AS LONG AS I'M GOVERNESS, YOU'RE *NEVER* TO LAY A HAND TO THIS BOY! ANY CHILD'S NATURALLY CURIOUS ABOUT DEATH ...THAT'S WHY HE HAD IT!

VERY WELL, MISS, WE'LL SEE... SEE HOW YOU FEEL WHEN YOU HEAR ABOUT THE *FIRST* GOVERNESS!

RACHEL TOOK THE BOY TO HIS ROOM, THEN BURST INTO THE LIBRARY OUTRAGED AND ANNOYED, REPEATING THE INCIDENT TO THE BROODING MASTER OF HAZELTINE HOUSE...

IT'S NOTHING TO ME, MISS MEREDITH! WHERE THE BOY'S CONCERNED LATHROP WILL OBEY YOUR WISHES! NOW IF YOU'RE DONE DISTURBING MY RESEARCH ...

JUST ONE MORE THING, MR. HAZELTINE... ANOTHER WOMAN HAD MY JOB. WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?

HAZELTINE'S LARGE, STRONG HANDS BROUGHT HIS BOOK SHUT WITH A LOUD SNAP. RACHEL COULD NOT BE SURE IF IT WERE THE MAN'S WORDS OR THE BOOK'S TITLE THAT SENT A SHIVER THROUGH HER...

SHE WAS KILLED, MISS MEREDITH!

BY SOME MANNER OF WILD ANIMAL THE AUTHORITIES SEEMED TO THINK...

OCCULT LORE

THE CHILL OF FORBODING STAYED WITH HER THROUGH THE EVENING, UNTIL BEDTIME...

I'M NOT SORRY ABOUT THE CAT, IT SCRATCHED ME ONCE. I'M GLAD IT WAS KILLED, BUT HAVING SOMEONE TAKE MY PART WAS NICE... NO ONE EVER DID IT BEFORE!

DON'T WORRY, DONALD. I'M HERE TO HELP WHENEVER I CAN ...NOW YOU SHOULD BE GOING TO SLEEP...

RACHEL PAUSED AT THE WINDOW. THE GARDEN BELOW WAS A DARK MASS OF SHRUBBERY AND SHADOWS! THE FINE HAIR ON THE BACK OF HER NECK SUDDENLY TINGLED. FOR AN INSTANT, ONE OF THE SHADOWS SEEMED TO MOVE, THEN MELT INTO THE DARKNESS...
I-I MUST BE TIRED...THE STRAIN OF THE FIRST DAY...
WEARILY SHE RETURNED TO HER OWN ROOM. RACHEL COULD NOT BE SURE, BUT AS HER HEAVY EYELIDS CLOSED THERE SEEMED TO BE A FAINT SHUFFLING SOUND IN THE HALL, PAUSING, THEN MOVING ALONG PAST, DOWN TOWARD THE ROOMS OF THE OTHER SERVANTS...
THE NIGHT'S STRANGENESS FADED INTO MORNING AND THE FIRST OF HER TUTORING WITH DONALD...
DONALD! DONALD! HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO LEARN HISTORY WHILE STARING OUT THAT WINDOW?
THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON...SOMETHING IN THE GARDEN!
IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN! IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN!
GOD HELP US! IT'S LATHROP! LIKE THE HOUND OF THE HELL HAD RUN 'IM TO EARTH!

RACHEL STARED, TRANSFIXED WITH HORROR, THEN SLOWLY NOTICED A CHILLING SOUND... A SOFT CHILDISH SNICKER ...
DONALD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? STOP IT! A MAN'S DIED OUT THERE...
ONLY LATHROP, NASTY OLD LATHROP! I HATED HIM AND HE HATED ME... EVERYONE HATES ME...
THAT'S A TERRIBLE THING TO SAY... IT'S NOT TRUE! WHAT ABOUT ME? WHAT ABOUT YOUR FATHER?
HE'S WORSE THAN LATHROP! WORSE THAN ANYONE ... YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO DOESN'T MISS MEREDITH... THE ONLY ONE!
RACHEL WANTED TO CONTRADICT THE TERRIBLE ACCUSATION OF THE SMALL SOLEMN FACE, BUT THERE WAS NO WAY. DONALD'S WORDS WEIGHED HEAVILY ON HER UNTIL EVENING WHEN SHE COULD STAND IT NO MORE ...
MR. HAZELTINE, I'VE GOT TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT DONALD... NOW!
THERE'S NO NEED. AFTER WHAT'S HAPPENED TO LATHROP, EVERY OTHER SERVANT'S QUIT... I SEE NO REASON FOR YOU TO STAY ON!
I HAD HOPED TO HAVE A SOLUTION BEFORE NOW, BEFORE ANOTHER DEATH... BUT IT'S NOT EASY... SO MANY BOOKS, SO LITTLE TIME ...
NO REASON? WHAT ABOUT YOUR SON? YOUR OWN SON!
BOOKS?! YOU SPEND YOUR DAYS LOOKING FOR ANSWERS AMID THIS JUMBLE OF WITCHCRAFT AND SORCERY? FOR THAT YOU NEGLECT YOUR OWN SON?
STOP CALLING HIM MY SON! I KNOW THAT LITTLE HORROR FOR WHAT HE IS!

A CHANGELING, MISS MEREDITH! DO YOU KNOW OF THEM? SPAWN OF THE DEVIL'S CREATURES, LEFT IN THE CRADLE IN EXCHANGE FOR HUMAN INFANTS...MY CHILD WAS STOLEN, AND THIS... LEFT IN HIS PLACE!
WHY ELSE DO YOU THINK MY WIFE WENT MAD?!
THE PURE FURY OF THE EMMETT HAZELTINE'S WORDS HIT RACHEL LIKE MALLET STROKES. SHE BACKED SLOWLY FROM THE ROOM...
BUT SOMEDAY I'LL FIND IT...THE SPELL, THE CURSE, THE MEANS TO DESTROY HIM... TO SEND HIM BACK TO THE PIT FROM WHICH HE CAME!
DEAR LORD! HE'S INSANE... COMPLETELY INSANE!
SHE FLED THE LIBRARY, RACING UP FLIGHTS OF THE DARK CREAKING STAIRS...
DONALD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP?
NOISE WOKE ME... I HEARD VOICES... SHOUTING!
DONALD, DEAR, LISTEN TO ME... IT ISN'T SAFE HERE ANY LONGER! YOUR FATHER'S NOT WELL... I'VE GOT TO GET YOU AWAY...
YES... I THINK I'M READY TO LEAVE NOW!
NO! DEAR GOD, NO! THIS TIME IT'S NOT NERVES..
THE MOONLIGHT OUTSIDE THE OPEN LANDING WINDOW SOMEHOW PULLED RACHEL'S EYES. A DEATHLY QUIET HUNG OVER THE MANSION AND DARKENED GARDEN ...THEN RACHEL HEARD THE SOUND...
DONALD...LET'S GO BACK TO YOUR ROOM...

THIS WAS NO SLEEP-FOGGED DELUSION. NOW SHE COULD HEAR THE DOOR FROM THE GARDEN, THEN AGAIN THE SHUFFLING... SLITHERING... NOW INSIDE!
D-DONALD, I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD BE OUT HERE...LET'S...
COME ON, MISS MEREDITH, THIS WAY...
FROM THE YAWNING BLACK DEPTHS OF THE STAIRWAY, MORE SOUNDS DRIFTED UP...WOOD SPLINTERING AND CRACKING AS THE LIBRARY DOOR GAVE WAY!
DONALD! DON'T GO DOWN THERE! GET BACK! DONALD...
COME ON, WE WANT TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON... COME ON, MISS MEREDITH!
CRRASSHH
THE GLOW OF THE KEROSENE LAMP CREPT SURELY DOWN THE WINDING FLIGHTS AND DISAPPEARED IN THE VICINITY OF THE LIBRARY. SECONDS LATER, THE DARKNESS WAS SPLIT BY SHRIEKING HORROR!
DONALD! OH, MY GOD... DONALD!
YAAHHHHHHH
HALF-RUNNING, HALF-FALLING, RACHEL DESCENDED THE STAIRS ONLY TO FREEZE IN MADDENING TERROR AT THE MACABRE TABLEAU BEFORE HER, AS SOUNDS AND ODORS OF UNEARTHLY CARNAGE STUNNED HER REMAINING SENSES..
EEEEEEEEEEEEEE

THEN, AS THOUGH ONLY A NIGHTMARE INSTEAD OF THIS PHANTASMAGORIC REALITY, SHE RACED FORWARD FOR THE BOY, HOPING STILL TO SAVE HIM...
DONALD! LISTEN TO ME! COME BACK! COME BA---
THE LAMP! YOU'VE DROPPED THE LAMP!
HE SHRUGGED FREE SENDING RACHEL REELING BACKWARD AS THE LAMP HIT THE CARPETING AND SCATTERED BOOKS... ABOVE THE CRACKLING FLAMES AND HAZETINE'S SCREAMS, SHE COULD HEAR THE GROWING GIGGLE OF THE BOY...
THE LIBRARY BECAME AN INFERNO WHICH WOULD SOON SPREAD TO THE ENTIRE HOUSE, AND THE DANCING SHADOWS OF ITS FLAMES ALL BUT DROVE RACHEL MAD. AS SHE SANK INTO OBLIVION, DONALD'S LAUGHTER GREW TO A WORD SHOUTED OVER AND OVER... THE NAME OF THE LOATHSOME THING CLAWING AND DESTROYING HAZELTINE...
MEN FROM THE VILLAGE FOUND HER THE NEXT MORNING SPRAWLED ON THE LAWN OF WHAT ONCE HAD BEEN HAZETINE HOUSE... INSIDE, THEY FOUND THE CHARRED REMAINS OF EMMETT HAZELTINE, NOTHING MORE!
SHE'S GONNA BE OKAY... LITTLE DELIRIOUS NOW, BUT SHE'LL BE OKAY...
...THAT'S WHAT HE CALLED IT... THAT THING... HE CALLED IT... MOTHER!
SO! DONALD HAD A PRETTY HOT TIME AT HIS FAMILY REUNION... LIKE ALL MOTHERS, HIS TENDED TO BE OVERPROTECTIVE... AS MR. HAZELTINE FOUND OUT! AND YOU'LL FIND OUT THERE'S MORE MONSTROUS MAYHEM AWAITING YOU WHEN YOU PICK UP ISSUE NUMBER 7 OF EERIE!

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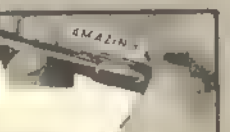

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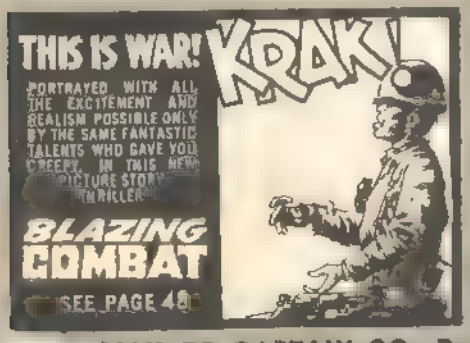

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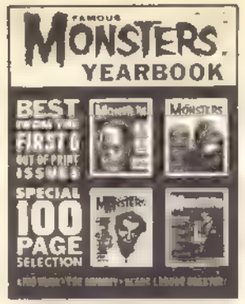

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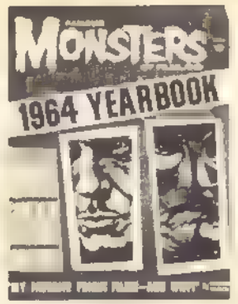

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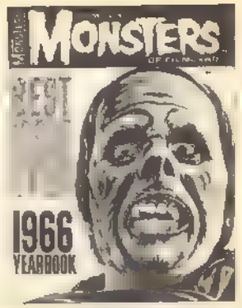

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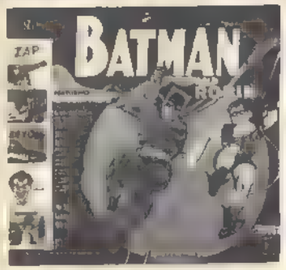

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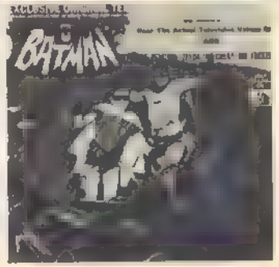

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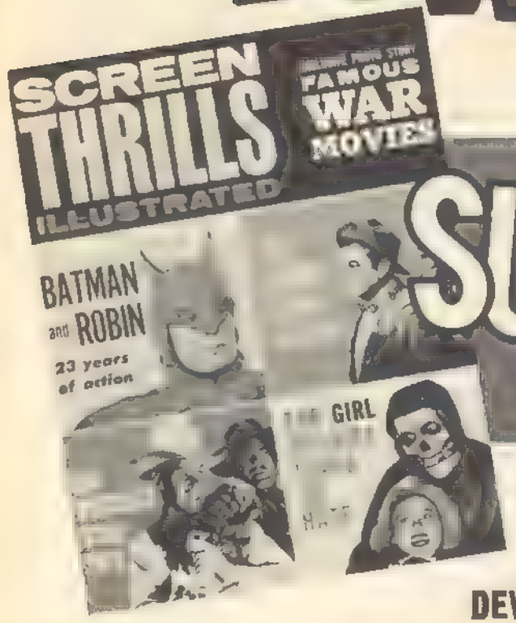

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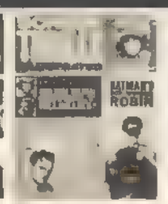

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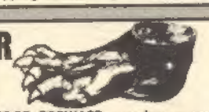

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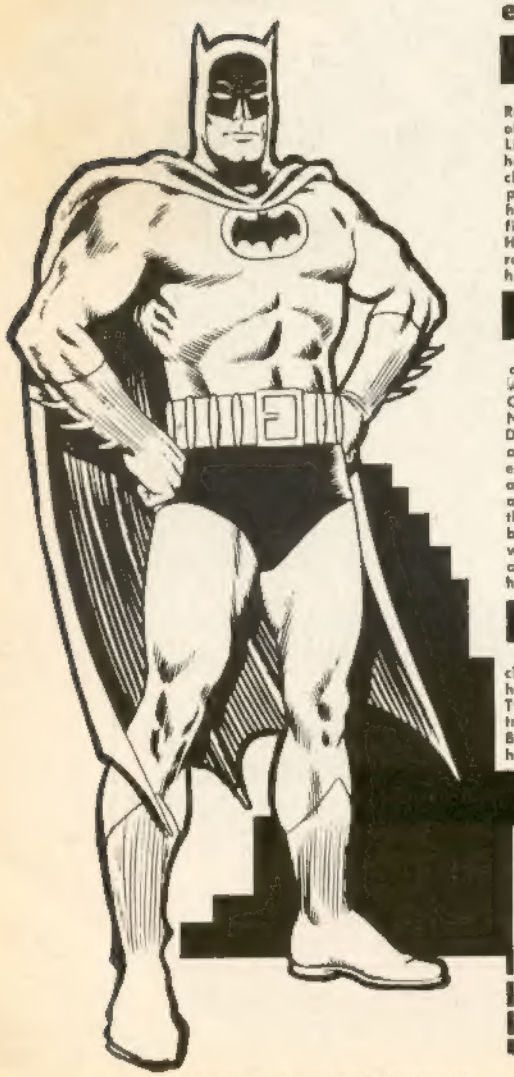

CHAPTER 1—The Electrical Brain

The Batman (Lewis Wilson), and his young assistant, Robin, the Boy Wonder (Douglas Croft), hit on the trail of an enemy sabotage ring, when Bruce's girl friend, Linda (Shirley Patterson), asks the pair to help her free her uncle, Martin Warren (Gus Glassmire), from the clutches of the ring. The Batman learns that the ring plans to steal the city's radium supply from the city hospital, and hurries there to prevent the theft. A terrific fight ensues, and the attempted robbery is thwarted. However, during the battle, the Batman is forced to the roof, and staggered by the rain of blows poured on him, is finally sent reeling over the ledge into space!

CHAPTER 2—The Bat Cave

The Batman lands unhurt on a painter's scaffolding, and returning to the roof, captures one of the gangsters with Robin's aid. Back at the Batman's hideout, the Bat Cave, the gangster reveals that a Dr. Daka (J. Carrol Naish) directs the ring from the House of the Open Door. Disguised, the Batman and Robin visit the Open Door, and discover Linda a prisoner there. Hooking ropes over electric cables suspended between buildings, the Batman and Robin climb to the room where she is imprisoned and overcome a number of the mobsters. Then carrying the unconscious Linda, the Batman slowly makes his way back over the cables. One of the gangsters breaks a wire and touches the raw end against the cables. Sparks and flames engulf the pair. Suddenly the Batman loses his balance and he and Linda plunge into space!

CHAPTER 3—The Living Corpse

The Batman leaps from the car as it plunges over the cliff. At home, an assignment from Washington awaits him. He is to protect the new Lockwood airplane motor. Two of the Lockwood men are abducted by Daka and transformed into Zombies. Just before a test flight, the Batman secrets himself in the plane. No sooner is he hidden, than the new Zombies enter the plane dressed in pilots' clothes. Following Daka's radio directions, the Zombies take the plane into the air. Suddenly the doctor sees the Batman on his television screen and orders the Zombies to attack. Out of control, the plane attracts attention and suffers a direct hit, and crashes to earth!

CHAPTER 4—Poison Peril

The Zombies are killed in the crack-up, but the Batman miraculously escapes injury. Back in law, Colton, (Charles Middleton), an old friend of Linda's uncle, is searching for him. He has discovered a radium mine. Daka learns of Colton's mine and attempts to lure him to an old smelter, in order to force him to reveal the mine's location. The Batman learns of Daka's ruse, and takes Colton's place at the rendezvous. He and Robin attack the gangster and a battle royal follows. In the melee, an acid vat is tipped over, and a stream of acid hits an exposed high-tension wire. There is a blinding flash. Debris and timber fall, burying the Batman!

CHAPTER 5—Executioner Strikes

Robin raises the trap-door and pulls his pal to safety. Linda, now a Zombie, writes a note to the Batman asking him to meet her at an isolated building. Though suspecting a ruse, the Batman goes there. Daka's men overpower him and pack him into a crate. The crate is then tossed into a cave of ravenous alligators. It crashes down on the beasts sending them into frenzied attack!

CHAPTER 6—Doom of the Rising Sun

Robin comes to the Batman's rescue. He knocks out one of the gangsters and frees his fighting friend. The pair crash into Daka's inner sanctum, and after a terrific battle, overpower Daka and his men. The Batman orders the doctor to return Linda and her uncle from their Zombie state to normality. After doing this, Daka, makes a break for freedom, and is accidentally plunged into the alligator pit. As the police arrive to take the gang into custody, the Batman and Robin disappear—their work, for the present, is done!

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